* Aug. 25, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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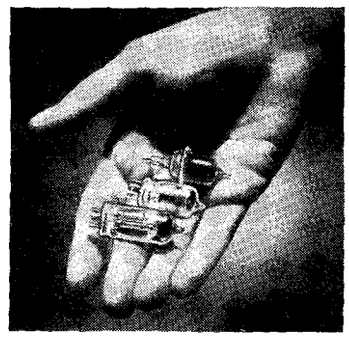

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small cast consisting of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. Reopens Mon., Aug. 27. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

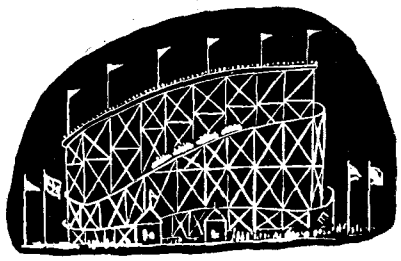
WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot months. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this calm and cool underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Bob Grant's merry orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and the ingenious music of Edmond Hall's band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner in stately surroundings and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band. (Closes for a few days on Mon., Aug. 27.) . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, America's best-dressed humorist, is in the Persian Room. The dance music is Garwood Van's. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, way-upstairs, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Eric Correa's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Jane Pickens sings in rather regal fashion at the supper hour and the Hermanos Williams Trio do their acrobatics. Standard dance music by George Olsen's orchestra and gay dance music by Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): elegance and lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dick Smart and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and (through Sat., Aug. 25) Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Mitzi Green heading up a floor show that is not nearly as funny as the customers. Dance music in between times. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of young fry seething to Gene Krupa's music. Sammy Kaye's band will replace Krupa's on Mon., Aug. 27. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **Bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. (Closes on Sun., Aug. 26, until Sept. 7.) . . . **Downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum

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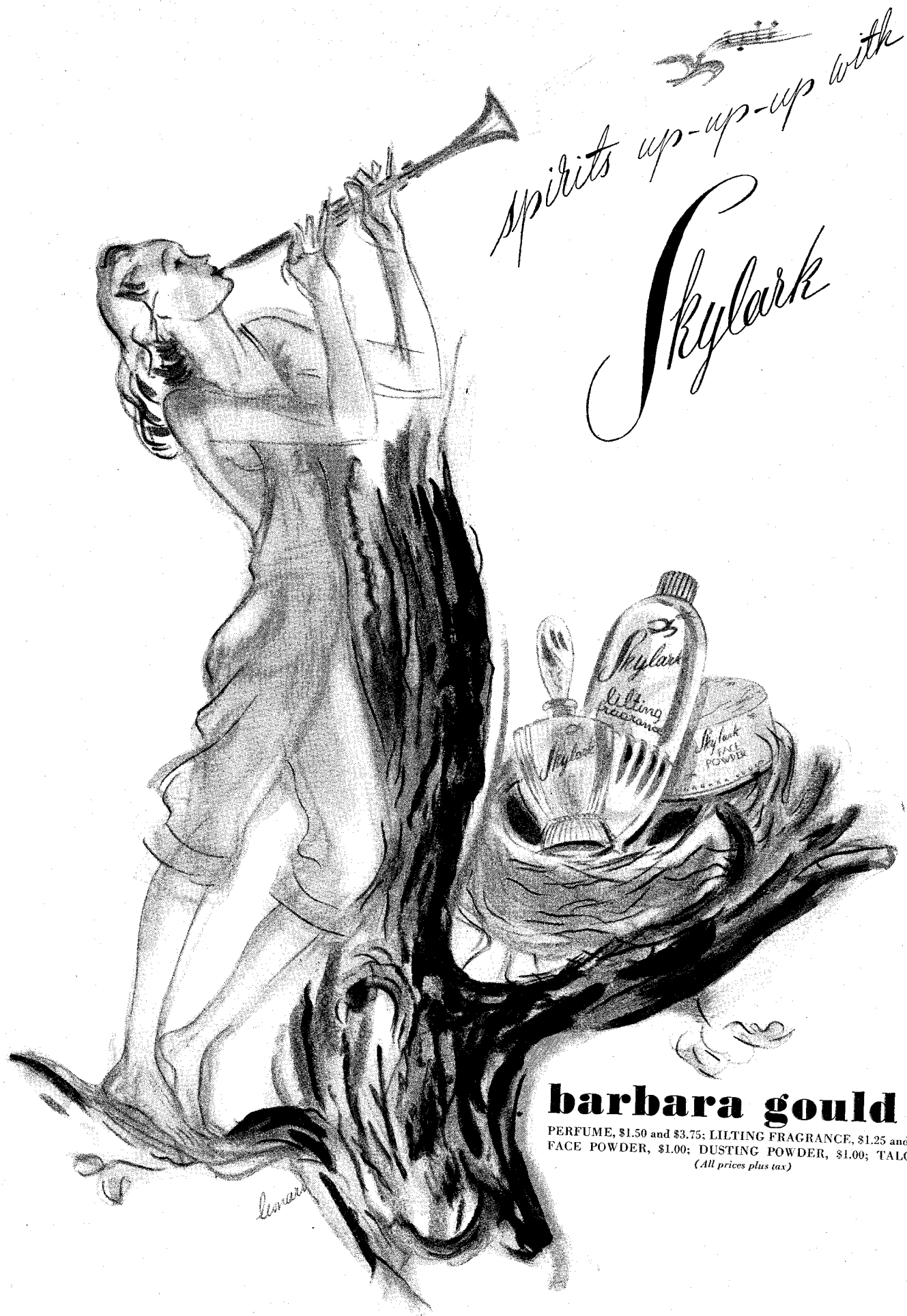

barbara gould New York

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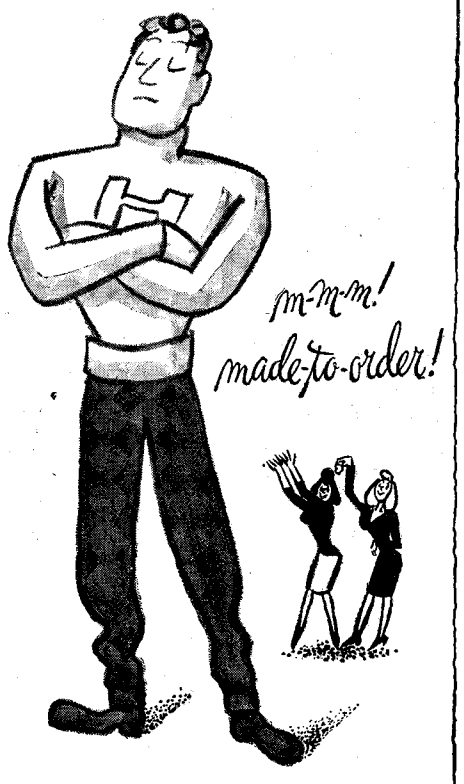

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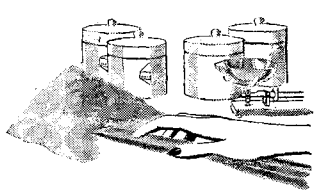

PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

making his special piano music; the Loumel Morgan trio and another band for dancing. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and *Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing,* and blowing the house down. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the coolness and the fine view of the Hudson. Dance music by a couple of small orchestras. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

GROUPS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57: sixty water colors and drawings from the Maritime Union's art classes. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 25. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 1. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14. . . . KOOTZ, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rosé, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . O'CONNOR, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by *B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José* de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art, with examples from the museum's Greek collection; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, owned by a nephew of the artist (through Sun., Aug. 26); also, a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Nov. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs., Aug. 23, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 26 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28-29, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 24; Sonny Horn vs. Artie Levine, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 31. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—L.I.G.A. Junior Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 23-24.

RACING—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 1. (Spinaway Stakes, Aug. 23; Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 25; Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap, Aug. 31; Hopeful Stakes, and Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sept. 1.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TENNIS—Southampton Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., through Sun., Aug. 26. . . . East Hampton Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., through Sun., Aug. 26. . . . National Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, starting Tues., Aug. 28, at 1 P.M.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.) . . . Saratoga, N.Y., daily at 8:15 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 25.

YACHTING—Championship regattas on the Sound: Star Class, Stamford Y.C., through Sat., Aug. 25; Port Washington Y.C., Sun., Aug. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip to the Moon" is the no longer fantastic-sounding title of the current lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MAYOR LAGUARDIA—In the fourth of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., Aug. 30, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

MUSIC—Salzburg Music Festival, Eugen Jochum conducting, Sat., Aug. 25, at 2 P.M., WEAF. . . . Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., Aug. 26, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Aug. 25 and Sept. 1, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Boxing: Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., Aug. 24; Sonny Horn vs. Artie Levine, Fri., Aug. 31; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: the Saratoga Cup, Sat., Aug. 25; Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat., Sept. 1; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Aug. 28.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the play. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Aug. 29.)

JUNIOR MISS—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Aug. 24.)

OVER 21—Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn in a successful adaptation of Ruth Gordon's play. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE WAY AHEAD—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Aug. 26. . . .

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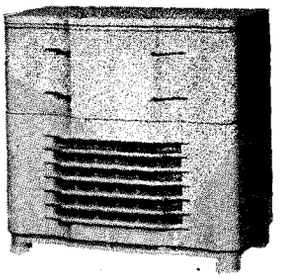
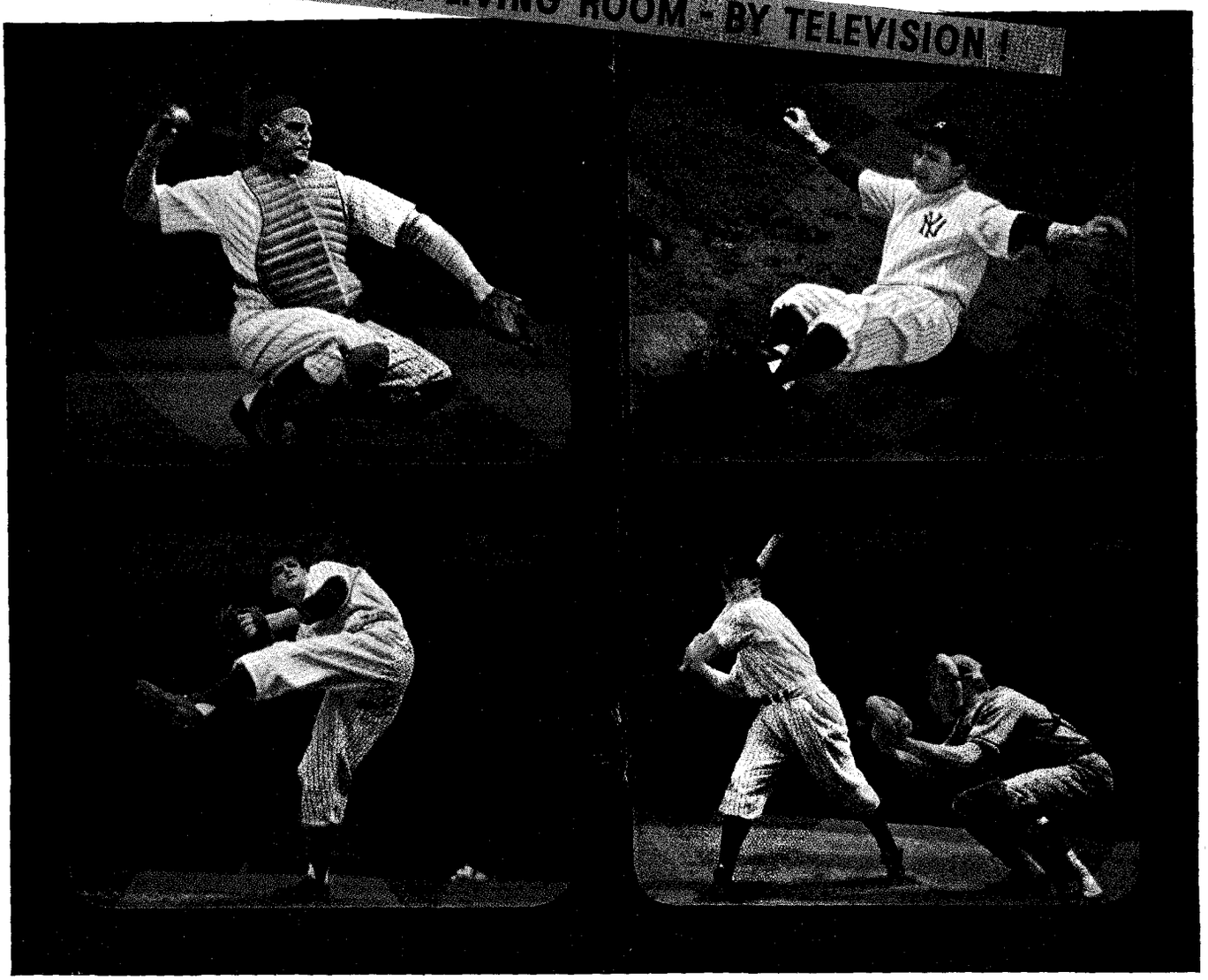


Phonograph-Radio in modern style—one of many from the Capehart and Farnsworth lines.

HOME RUN IN YOUR LIVING ROOM — BY TELEVISION!



Action close-ups of N. Y. Yankees — Mike Garbark, catcher; George Stirnweiss, 2nd base; Hank Borowy, pitcher; and Nick Etten, 1st base.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

You'll watch the runs that win the pennant, the champ's knock-out punch, close-ups of the great moments of sport, news and entertainment—when you turn on the magic of your Farnsworth or Capehart electronic television receiver.

You'll soon be able to enjoy important advances in radio and music reproduction, too—fruits of the electronic research of Farnsworth, pioneer of modern television.

The new Capeharts and the new Farnsworth radios and phonograph-radios will bring you superior reception and tone—and richer enjoyment.

Many of the new models will include full-toned FM, as well as finer standard radio. There will be a wide selection of distinctive cabinets . . . and further improvements in the famous Capehart and Farnsworth record-changers.

Perhaps you'll choose a superb Capehart—perhaps a modestly priced Farnsworth . . . you may be sure that into each is built the finest quality at its price. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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THE FARNSWORTH

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

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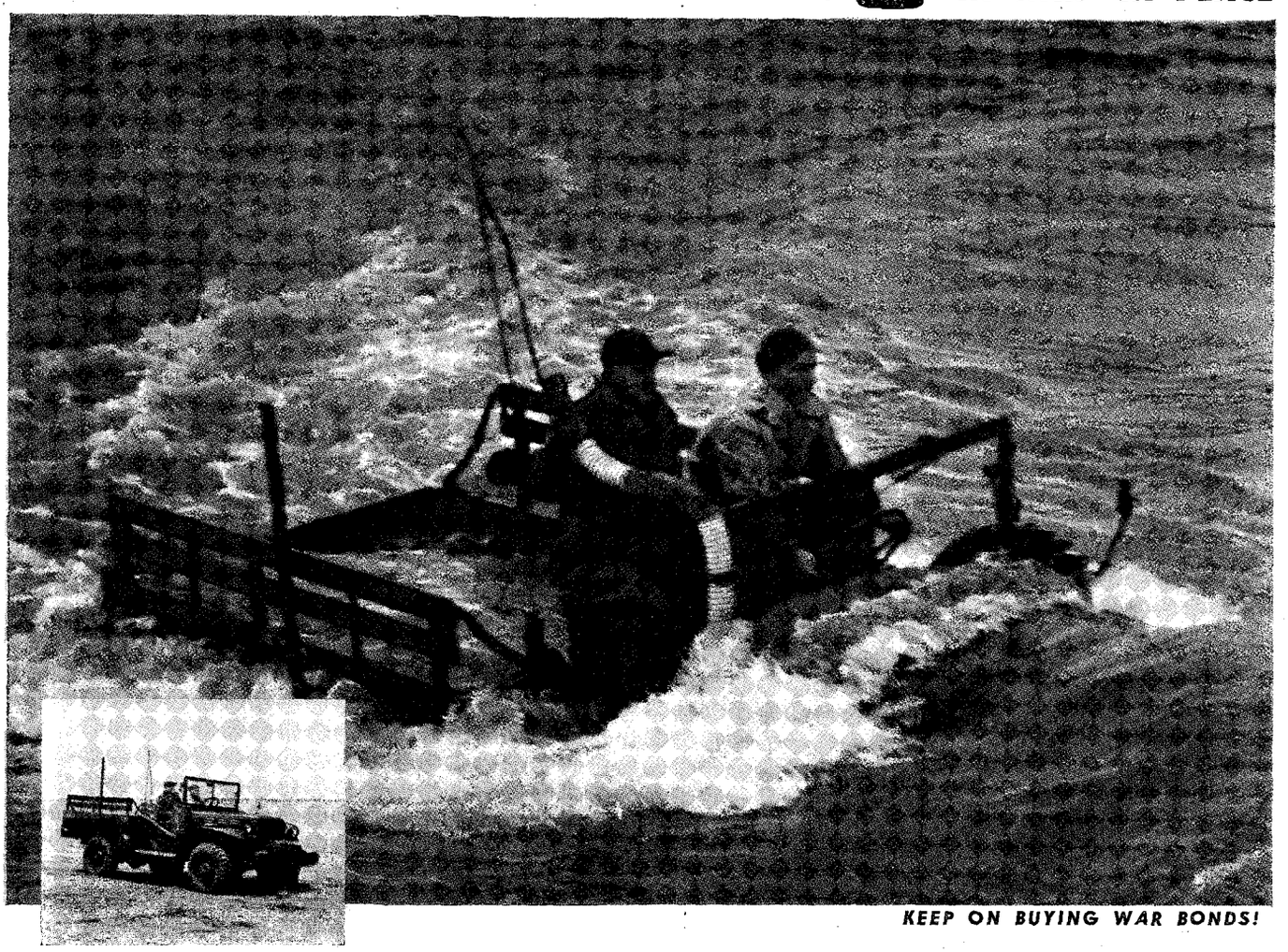
IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION AND PERFORMANCE

HOW THEY BENEFIT YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS!

Imagination asks the questions — and finds the answers, too. It set our engineers wondering how Army vehicles could be built to run literally under water.

In our laboratories, imagination developed special water-proofing for electrical parts, carburetors, air intakes and exhausts — so cars or trucks can roll dependably through water, windshield deep!

You're looking at a military truck that can either hightail down a highway or wade through five feet of swirling water.

It is dramatic proof that trucks and cars can be equipped to plow unhesitatingly through streams and floods where only amphibious vehicles could go before. And it's another example of how *imagination* works out ideas at Chrysler Corporation.

Practical imagination has gone to work to engineer the production of tanks, guns, aircraft engines, rockets, ammunition and the many other war products our plants turn out in quantity.

In peace, inventive *imagination* enabled us to pioneer many car improvements — the combination of Fluid Drive and Floating Power, for example, that brings you both smooth performance and economical up-keep.

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation . . . it will again find ways to add extra value and usefulness to the cars and trucks we soon will be making for you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Plymouth
DODGE
DeSoto
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration

CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines

OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 24-28. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 26-28.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 24-27.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

BALL OF FIRE (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Aug. 25.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 27-28.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as a Cinderella. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, starting Sat., Aug. 25.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 24-27.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28-29.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prize-fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Aug. 23. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., Aug. 27-30.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 28-30.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., Aug. 29.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 29-30.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler story about spies in Turkey. With Joseph Cotten and Dolores del Rio. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28-29.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 26-27.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 27-28.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28-29.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Kitten and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

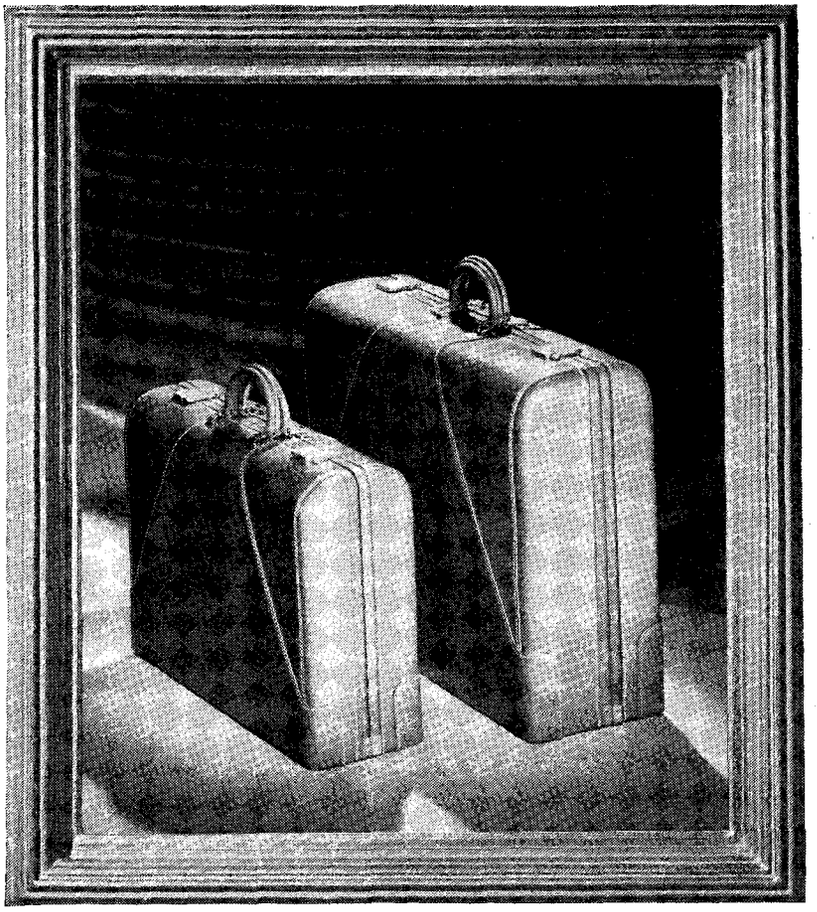
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Aug. 25.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 23. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 24-27. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28-29.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., Aug. 26.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 26-27.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., AUG. 23:** "Emil und die Detektive" (1932), German film. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 24-26:** "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., AUG. 27-30:** "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni. . . . **FROM FRI., AUG. 31:** "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields.



Masterpiece
OF LUGGAGE CRAFTSMEN

Luggage, distinctively designed, and crafted with the unerring skill of medieval guildsmen . . . luggage in the precious, supple leathers that mellow with use . . . luggage with the priceless beauty of an old masterpiece . . . *that is Wheary.*

Previewed above is the famous Wheary "Colonel" with its steadfast companion, the "Little Colonel" which Wheary will have for you . . . after the war.

WHEARY INCORPORATED, Racine, Wis.

TRAVELERS ARE JUDGED BY THEIR LUGGAGE

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Refreshingly different!

Your SCHLITZ is on the way, sir! These magic words rouse eager anticipation with their promise of a beer that's refreshingly different. Millions hail that famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ as the smoothest thing on ice!

JUST

THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

Schlitz

Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Her eyes are on Kayser. Yours, too, perhaps? For women are quick to see when other eyes light with admiring interest. And a wise woman chooses

each detail of her costume to please *other* eyes. For Her . . . and for You . . .

Kayser is planning the most eye-catching lingerie, hosiery and gloves that *any* woman's eyes will ever rest on. That's why

"Eyes are on Kayser"

KAYSER HOSIERY UNDERTHINGS GLOVES LINGERIE

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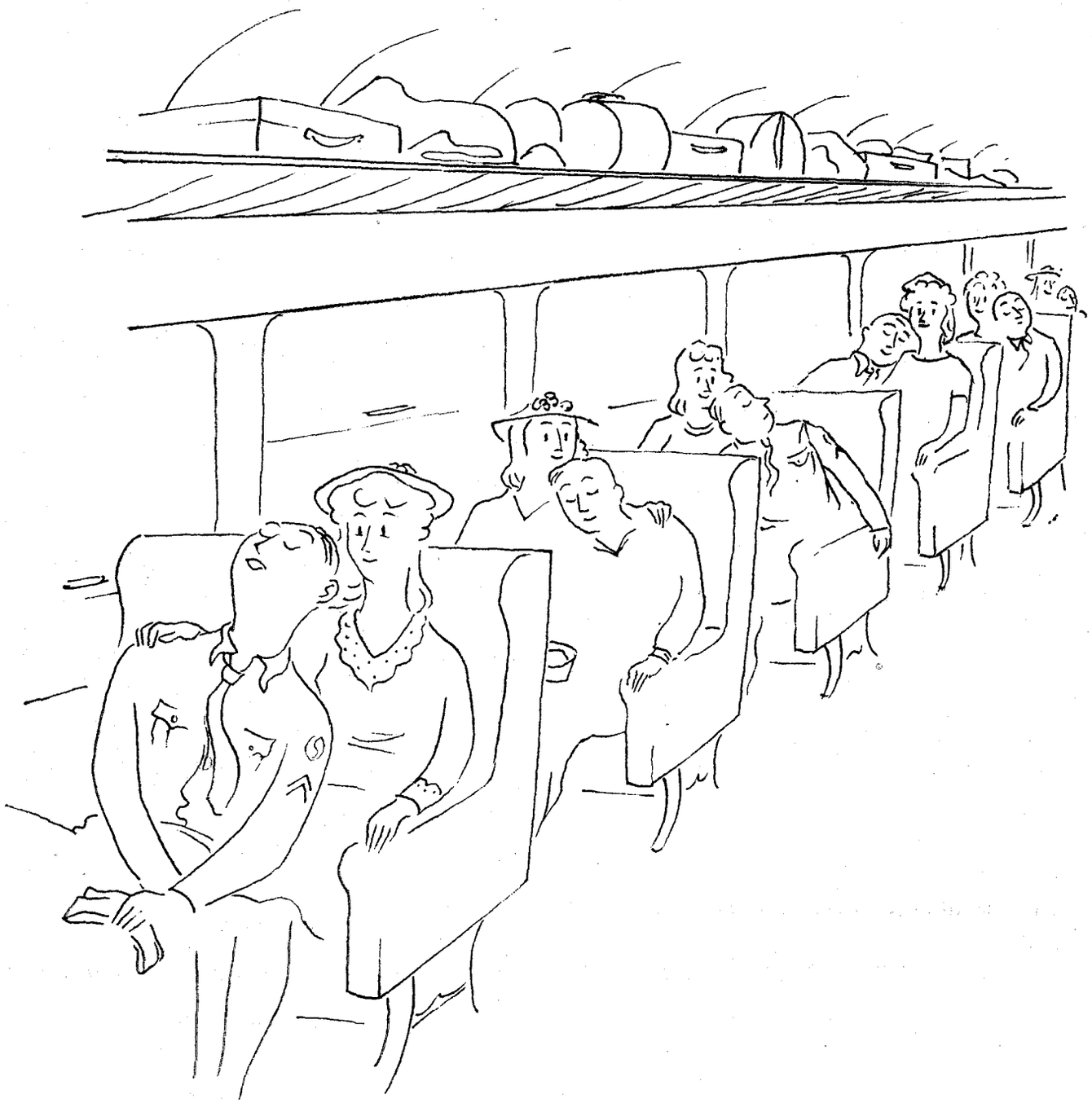
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine
which has the largest
audited circulation of ANY magazine,
given it exclusively by women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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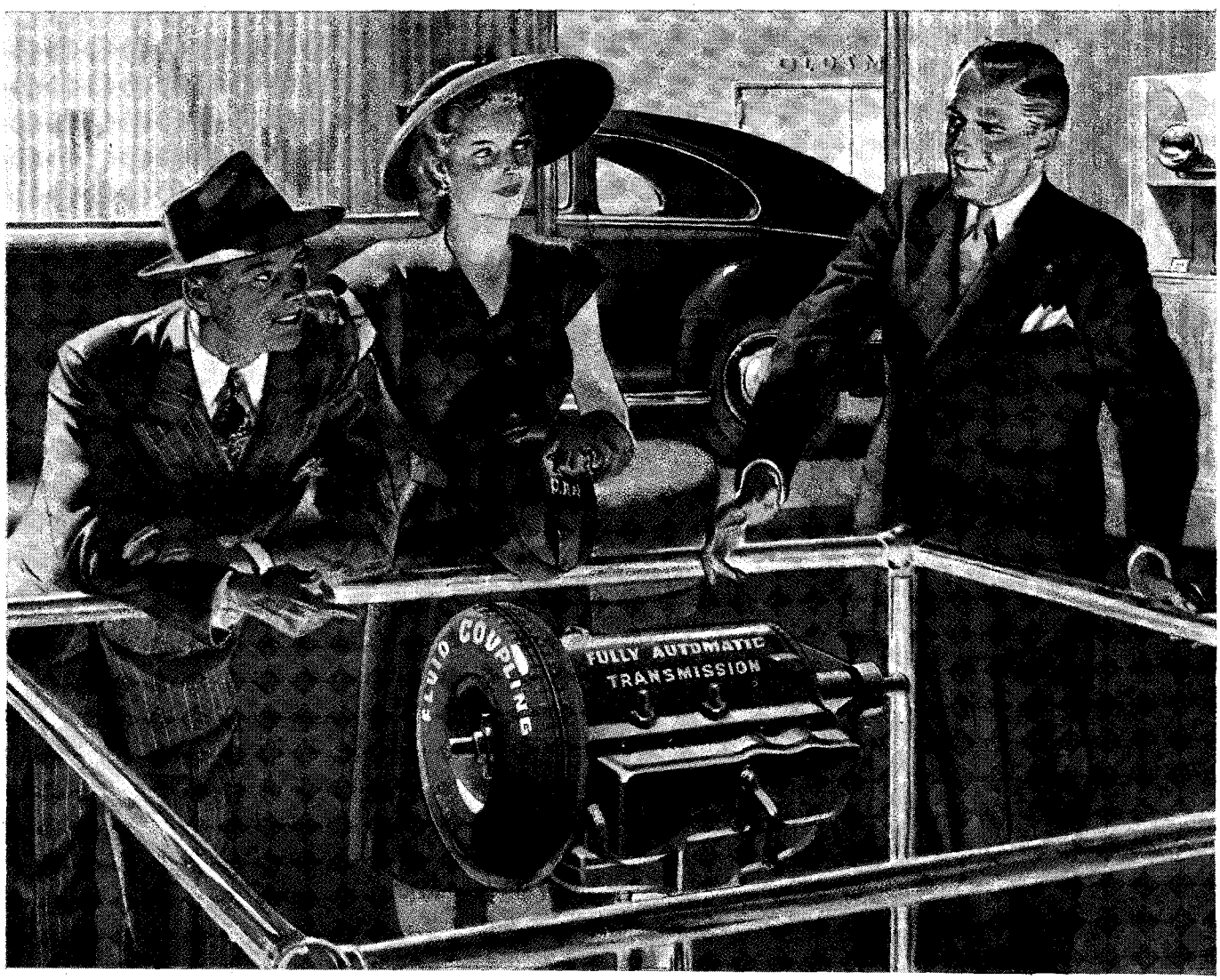
LOOK TO OLDS FOR ALL THAT'S NEW!



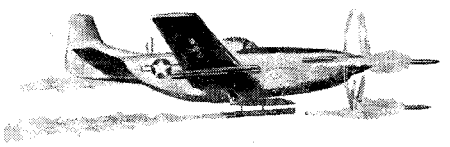
Tomorrow's Oldsmobile will have this famous General Motors feature

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

There's a *new* Hydra-Matic Drive on the way. As a result of combat use on Army tanks, this great General Motors transmission has been modified and improved for the next new Oldsmobile car. Basically the same as the famous drive Oldsmobile introduced before the war, the new G.M. Hydra-Matic Drive still combines a fluid coupling with a fully automatic transmission . . . it still eliminates the clutch pedal and *all* gear-shifting . . . but now it gives even better performance, even more dependability than ever before.

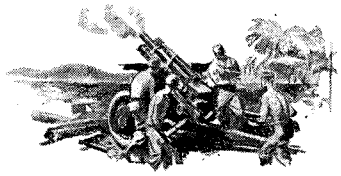
In addition to Hydra-Matic Drive, the coming new Oldsmobile will offer many other *new* advantages. It will be new and modern in styling . . . new and improved in performance . . . new and advanced in engineering. Once again, you can "Look to Olds for All That's New!"

VITAL FIRE-POWER NEEDS ARE STILL BEING SERVED



As long as America's fighting men need the cannon and rockets and shell Oldsmobile produces . . . building Fire-Power will be our number one job. But essential transportation requirements must also be met, and Oldsmobile is converting its remaining facilities to new car production.

BUY BONDS TO . . . KEEP 'EM FIRING!



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Cloud-Soft QUILTING FOR YOU

Fairy-tale beauty—Textron's newest quilted Bed Jacket strewn with romance-flowers. Spilling frills at its angelic neckline . . . tailored with the same parachute-precision Textron* used in turning out its necessities of war. Of finest smoothest rayon satin in Heaven Blue, Pink Angel or Snow White backgrounds with solid color rayon crepe lining. Sizes 14, small, medium and large. About 8.95 at leading stores throughout the country. Slightly higher on the West Coast.

TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

TEXTRON

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BED JACKETS • HOSTESS COATS • LINGERIE • HOME FASHIONS • MENSWEAR

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

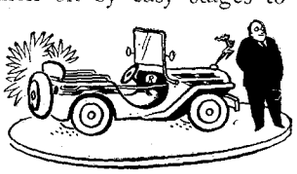
Notes and Comment

AFTERMATH NOTE: We regret to state that Mark Clark's pants have been refused by the Smithsonian. "They were offered," said a spokesman for the Smithsonian, "but were rejected, as not being a complete exhibit." (No underdrawers, no general, just the bare pants.)

A SOLDIER just back tells us that he has been seeing the pony editions of *The New Yorker* and *Time* for the last year or so, and when he picked up a standard-size edition the other day he suddenly felt that he was reading something intended for children—the enormous pages, the great big type. Just kid stuff, it seemed like.

AS though they hadn't had enough other troubles, soldiers are probably beginning by now to encounter the literature of postwar despair. The spectre of anticlimax is undoubtedly catching up with our troops. Melancholy and prophetic voices are telling the boys what a letdown the peace is going to be—how they will drift back to the old home town and the homecoming will go off rather faintly and after that there will be nothing to do but hang around the drugstore. Of course, it's true what the poets and prophets say. Life is a bathetic business. Nevertheless, we advise our troops not to pay *too* much attention to writers. Most writers are sick men. They are getting on in years and have lost their tone. Naturally the future seems liverish to them and they don't like to think about the transition from a Thunderbolt to an Electrolux. We would hate to have to look at a prophet's tongue these days. We haven't dared stick out our own since 1937.

THE first glimmerings of the reconversion dawn, those first intoxicating streaks of light heralding the consumer's great day, are now plainly visible, and they strike ecstasy into the hearts of millions of yet unsatisfied buyers and into the minds of thousands of yet unreconverted manufacturers. In the next twelve months some seven thousand manufacturers plan to expand to the tune of some nine billion dollars. Breasts of consumers are already expanding, taking in great draughts of the winelike air, and already you can see the faint outlines of the swingback from war to peace. Take the jeep, that dirty little beetle of battle, soon to make a new appearance in civilian garb. The O.P.A. has announced a retail ceiling of $1,090 for the civilian jeep, f.o.b. Toledo, and we note with great interest that optional equipment includes front body top $51.05, rear body top $28.44, governor $27.81, heater $17.41, radiator brush guard $4.11, additional front seat $10.51, rear passenger seat $12.96, and spare tire and tube $13.76. Thus begins the subtle work of emasculating this fighting car. Where it will end, any American consumer should be able to guess. Frippery, frippery, frippery. A jeep with a heater leads to a jeep with a musical horn, and then on by easy stages to a jeep



with a streamlined nude for a radiator cap. What about ashtrays? Has anybody thought of ashtrays? Dashboard television? Monogrammed door handles? Sh-h-h—the jeep will grow longer, as the days lengthen and the atoms smash more readily. Soon it will be practically impossible to tell the jeep from any other small car overpoweringly fitted with many mirrors. The jeep will have gone the way of all steel. Finally one manufacturer, cannier than the rest, will bring out a de-luxe model, for four thousand dollars, that "eliminates the nuisance of the four-wheel drive."

ONE of the first of the New World products to come to our attention is the Plastic Drop Head for lobster traps. We received an announcement of the plastic head the other day from a concern in Marblehead, which evidently thinks the trapping along Forty-third Street is good. At any rate, that standard New England winter scene, so dear to novelists, in which the lobsterman's wife sits in her kitchen and knits trap heads by lamplight, will have to be revised. The scene will have to show the lobsterman himself bent over the latest cata-

logue, making out his order for plastic heads under the bright glare of a forty-watt bulb. Even at the bottom of the sea, life's strange new currents are felt: a lobster pushing aside the plastic bars of a nice cool modern trap ought to feel as elated as a young girl entering the gates of Twenty-One.

A COUPLE of congressmen recently returned from Alaska with the verdict that Alaska is not ready for statehood. Alaska, say the legislators, will not be ready for statehood until the people up there are sufficiently informed "on the principles of economics." But gosh, that ought not take long. Now, it's like this . . .

A LETTER has arrived from a San Franciscan telling us not to give up hope of getting our binoculars back from Britain. He says he sent some glasses to the United States Navy in 1942 and they have just turned up by registered mail. They are scarcely recognizable. They have been polished and fitted with a beautiful new case with

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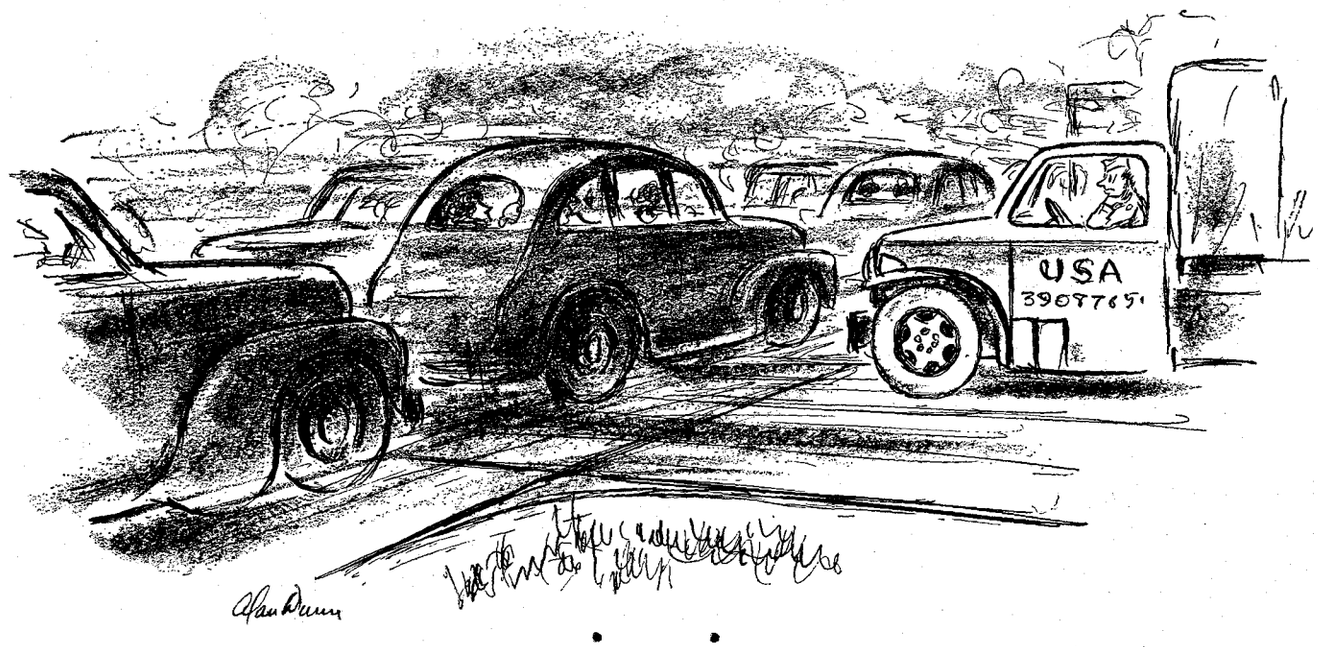

his name stamped on it in neat letters. Attached is a cardboard disc stating that the glasses have been specially treated to make them more efficient for night use. The man is now trying to think of something to look at after dark in San Francisco and is completely sold on our Navy (as who isn't?). He is toying with the idea of offering the fleet his 1939 Oldsmobile, if they'll take it for a little spell.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A lady living at Park Avenue and Forty-seventh saw a Fuller Brush man pass her apartment building Monday morning, whistling.

The Summer Term Student Directory at the University of Michigan lists Ralph M. Remorse, of Disconsolate, Arkansas.

A notice currently tacked up on the bulletin board of an Army camp in Virginia reads, "Worn-out clothing will be salvaged by this command two (2) days prior to the second and fourth Friday of each month (Wednesday)."

Welcome

THIS is a club-sandwich sort of story, combining a hotel, a secretary, and an electric fan, but if everyone will pay strict attention it may turn out all right. A Chicago professor had some summer business at N.Y.U. and wrote the Hotel Earle, on Waverly Place, for a reservation. Since he thought it would be wise to bring along an electric fan, he asked whether the current in the hotel was A.C. or D.C. He got a wire in reply: "HOLDING TWO-ROOM SUITE THIRTY-TWO-FIFTY PER WEEK DC CURRENT HOTEL EARLE." The price seemed a bit beyond the professor's means, so he told his secretary to write and cancel the reservation. Reaching New York with his fan, some days later, he found the hotel situation much worse than he'd expected. All he could do, he decided, was go to the Hotel Earle and crawl. He had no more than introduced himself when the desk clerk cheerfully announced that his suite was ready. He added that they had been holding a letter from his office addressed to a Mr. D. C. Current, and they were sorry, but no one by that name had shown up yet.

Historic Litter

WE found the Sanitation Department tired but happy when we looked in on it at the end of last week, as it was finishing the biggest street-cleaning job in the city's history. "Peace was sure wonderful," said Mr. Salvatore Guglielmo, a spokesman for the Department. "The people were so happy they made five thousand, four hundred and thirty-eight tons of litter —better than double the American Legion in 1937. Why, we had over seven thousand men in action and more than seven hundred and fifty supervisors out on the streets with them, and it took three days of double shifts to get things in reasonable order. We had seven hundred and fifty-five trucks out and three hundred and seventy-eight flushers on continuous runs. The things they tossed! Bolts of silk, telephone books, hats, bottles, books, shoes, waste-baskets—anything you could think of turned up in the trucks. But nobody in the Department was complaining. If they'd kept it up for ten days nobody would have complained." At this point, Mr. Guglielmo was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. William J. Powell (assistant to the Sanitation Commissioner), who has waded around in the debris of civic outbursts since 1930. "I'm certainly glad the people made that litter," said Mr. Powell. "Been a shame if they hadn't, on such an occasion. The people were nice and coöperative all through the war. We appealed to them not to throw too much paper on Eisenhower Day and they held themselves down to seventy-seven tons, and the General made a thirty-seven-mile tour. We had five thousand men out for him, and they had everything in order in a couple of hours. Come to think of it, they heaved only seven more tons at the General than they did at Commander Byrd in 1930." Less paper was thrown at Commander Byrd, it seems, than at any other man of distinction who has been paraded through the city in the past twenty years, and less than at Gertrude Ederle. The Sanitation Department's count on the three historical characters who provoked the heaviest showers of paper is as follows: Lindbergh, 1927, 1,750 tons; Howard Hughes, 1938, 1,800 tons; Corrigan, 1938, 1,800 tons. The American Legion tonnage was 2,500.

We were told by Mr. Powell that paper scattered on the streets is irretrievably gone. (We remind our readers that the government still wants everyone to save waste paper.) On the heels of all parades, and during any protracted celebration, the Department

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sends out a fleet of flushers to wet down the paper on the streets so it won't blow around, and once it has been sprayed it isn't good for anything. The Department carts it to incinerators or to barges that dump it at sea. The ordinary volume of paper collected comes to about three hundred and sixty-five tons a week.

Mr. Powell told us that it takes an artist among truck drivers to maneuver a flusher through a crowd properly. A man handling a flusher has to gauge his distance just right, so that his spray reaches the curb but not the people on the sidewalk. Or, if the police want some help with crowds, he can be useful by splashing the sidewalks just a little bit. That usually sends the crowds hotfooting it for the side streets and thence on home, or somewhere. Mr. Powell believes that the impulse to throw paper is basic. "I'm frank to admit that I tossed a little around myself when I heard the news," he said.

Imperialism

LAST Monday one of our feminine informants heard a lady in Bergdorf Goodman taking up a certain angle of the international situation. "The trouble with the Russians is that they want *everything*," she said. "They want every single thing Louise has."

Desperate

THIS paragraph is really an appeal. A certain local artist is still carrying on at the Stage Door Canteen, drawing pencil sketches of service men. Last Friday night a young sailor with a full red beard came in and asked to be sketched. As the artist was starting work, the sailor introduced a companion. "I want to send this picture home," he said, "and I want the family to be able to tell it's me. But when I left home I didn't have a beard. What I thought you could do was draw me down to the beard, then draw this guy's chin onto my face. I spent the whole day looking for a chin like mine, and his is it. O.K.?" The artist said that it was O.K. The young man was delighted with the drawing. The difficulty is that the artist has since been unable to get the undrawn beard off his mind. "It's there inside me, waiting to be drawn," he told a friend of ours. "It's getting redder and bushier by the minute. All I can hope is that someone who left home with a full red beard and is now clean-shaven will want me to draw him. If you hear of anyone like that, in heaven's name let me know," he added, shakily.

1945 Cassandra

TO judge by a talk we had last week with John W. Campbell, Jr., editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, it is clear that if you want to keep up with, or possibly stay ahead of, the development of secret weapons in time of war, you had better bypass Dr. Vannevar Bush and Dr. James B. Conant and Secretary Stimson and go to the pulps, preferably *Astounding*. One reason is that *Astounding*, which has for the past ten years or so been predicting atomic bombs and using them to liven up its stories, has been permitted to duck some of the security rules that made high-echelon government officials such halting conversationalists in recent months. "We got the notice of censorship on atomic energy, along with a lot of other magazines," Mr. Campbell told us in his office, at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, "but I wrote back that atomic bombs had been our stock in trade for years and that it would look terribly suspicious if we suddenly dropped them—from the magazine, I mean. The Army said they guessed so, too. They probably figured nobody would believe us anyhow." Mr. Campbell, a physicist and former M.I.T. student who would like his publication to be taken seriously, favored us with a rather cross stare and continued, "I guess now people can see we knew what we were talking about. Last week the *Wall Street Journal* called me for my views on the economic meaning of atomic power. Caught flat-footed, like everybody else."

Astounding began to indoctrinate its readers in atomic bombs around 1930, and since then it has also freely discussed radar, rocket bombs, jet planes,

". . . and tell her I was wondering if I could borrow her maid for a couple of hours tomorrow afternoon."

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television, interplanetary flight, and the feasibility of attaching a signal flare to the moon. In September, 1940, it ran a farsighted industrial story entitled "Blow Ups Happen," by Robert Heinlein, in which an atomic power plant, called the Bomb, was set up in southern Arizona. There scientists developed a new process that made it possible to harness atomic power without causing devastating explosions. "The men in charge of the plant were under a terrific strain for fear of going mad over their responsibility," Campbell told us. "They were furnished with strategically placed psychiatrists, but this didn't help matters." We nodded understandingly. Mr. Campbell said that his magazine is currently featuring a series of stories on post-atomic-bomb-war conditions. He then discussed the next war. "Every major city will be wiped out in thirty minutes," he said. "Like two men having a duel with flame-throwers in a vestibule. New York will be a slag heap and any extensive form of government will be impossible. Since atomic bombing radioactivates the rocks where it hits and sends off X-rays, there are some nice little complications." In this connection, Mr. Campbell amplified the testimony of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who, you will recall, said that there is no reason to believe that the explosion of the bomb over Hiroshima set up any appreciable radioactivity on the ground. "We used the gentlest possible application of the atomic bomb there," Mr. Campbell said, "because we fixed it to be exploded in the air. Air atoms and neutrons will hold radioactivity for eighteen hours at the longest; usually it is dissipated after two or three hours. On the other hand, radioactive energy following the explosion of an atomic bomb *on the ground* will leave the land uninhabitable for periods ranging from ten months to five hundred years, depending on the size of the bomb. X-ray can burn or sterilize or mutate, and after a big international atomic war, with atomic bombs exploded on the ground, a lot of survivors will be mutated. They'll give birth to freaks or supermen or telepaths. One of our new stories is about a telepath who becomes a zoological collector because he can read animals' minds and knows just where to find them. That ought to give you an idea of the trend."

Interplanetary travel, atom-powered steamships, and atomic-medicine cures are O.K. with Mr. Campbell, but he has no faith in atom-powered automobiles or airplanes because he thinks that collisions between vehicles thus motivated would be too devastating. He will not permit such vehicles in *Astounding*, anyway. "If an atomic-powered taxi hit an atomic-powered streetcar at Forty-second and Lex," he said, "it would completely destroy the whole Grand Central area." Thanking him for everything, we took the elevator down to Forty-second and Lex, affectionately hailed a pre-atomic taxi, and went home to our Pomeranian, who, we noted with relief, seemed as inscrutable as ever.

Eerie

THERE is a young, recently discharged veteran who, for the purposes of this unnerving story, will be called Watson. He thought he'd like, at least for a while, a quiet job in a bookshop, and when he told this to an Army vocational counsellor the counsellor said he knew just the thing: a friend of his ran a small bookshop and needed help; if Watson would call the shop next day he'd find everything set up for him. The next day Watson called the shop and a man answered. "This is Mr. Watson," Watson said. "Yes. How did you know I was here?" said the voice at the bookshop. "*This* is Mr. Watson," Watson repeated, a little rattled. "I was told to call about a job." "I already have a job," the voice said. After batting this alarming conversation back and forth for a couple of minutes, it turned out that the name of the man in the bookshop was Watson, that he'd just got out of the Army, and that he had wandered into the shop and been hired that morning. The first-named Watson got off the phone, spent the rest of the day in two movies and a bar, and, last we heard, hadn't made any further move toward a job.

Peace and Mrs. Roosevelt

WE had the privilege of spending part of the day set by President Truman as one of thanksgiving for victory with the widow of a man who did a lot to arrange for that victory. We escorted Mrs. Roosevelt last Sunday afternoon to a thanksgiving broadcast she made for C.B.S. She was greeted at the studio by Larry Hardy, a C.B.S. program director, who told her the broadcast was to take four and a half minutes. "My goodness, I thought it was two minutes," said Mrs. R., pulling out her script. She sat down at a dead mike and read it off while Mr. Hardy clocked her, at first with an expression of alarm. "Four minutes and ten seconds," he said, sounding relieved. "Oh, I can cut it down," said Mrs. Roosevelt, whose mathematics appeared to us regrettably feminine. "I'll take it as it is," said a man in the room who was identified to us as Lyman Bryson, director of C.B.S. postwar planning and Mrs. Roosevelt's announcer. In the middle of the actual broadcast, Mr. Hardy, watch in hand, made a circle in the air with his right forefinger, and Mrs. Roosevelt, an old hand at radio signals, speeded up a little. At the end, Mr. Bryson, who had introduced her, got off a you-have-just-heard sentence, after which he was shoved away from the mike by an agile man with a mustache who said, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System." Mr. Bryson explained to us that he hadn't been allowed to say this because he is an executive and not an announcer. "I never announce," he announced. "I did it as a special honor to Mrs. Roosevelt." Several news photographers were badgering Mrs. Roosevelt for a smile. "She sure is a sweetheart," one of them said, in an aside.

Mrs. Roosevelt allowed us to accompany her back to her apartment, and on the way downtown she commented on the cheery atmosphere she had noticed in the city the past few days. "You see so many *recent* civilians with their new suits, their service buttons, and their girls, looking happy," she said. "The service men no longer have that look of forced gaiety many of them used to have." We got to Mrs. Roosevelt's place, where a Japanese tapestry from her father's collection has been hanging, unjingoistically, throughout the war, and asked her how much her husband had known of the progress on the atomic bomb. "He never discussed it with me," she said. "Of course I knew research on the atom was going on. The President would have been much relieved had he known we had it. I've been very much amused by some newspaper comment I read about the tremendous

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gamble he took in developing the bomb. I suppose two billion dollars *is* a gamble, but goodness me, I wouldn't lie awake nights over that! The gamble that made you lie awake nights was whether Germany would develop the bomb first; the real gamble was the one involving human lives. In a curious way, that kind of gamble is something that now faces Congress and the Administration. They will realize that the things we do involve not only ourselves but people all over the world. The gambles of peace are as important as the gambles of war."

We asked Mrs. Roosevelt for a word or two about the late President, and she said, "When Franklin went to Warm Springs, he still would give us no dates for the end of anything. But for the first time he was willing to talk about the architecture of peace, the kind of charter we'd write, so I knew he thought the war was won. He and Churchill were very much alike. Churchill was with us when Tobruk fell; instead of being crushed, he immediately turned to 'What can we do?' Franklin was like that. I never knew him to feel there wasn't a way out at the worst times in the war, but as time went on he became surer and surer. He was sure the Russians were coming in against Japan. I remember his telling Anna and me, after Teheran, that he thought the Russians would be ready three to six months after the defeat of Germany. After Yalta, he felt that confidence between us and Russia had grown greatly. He was older after Teheran, and he tired more easily, and we noticed that he seemed to save himself, in the way of seeing people, as never before. He may have caught some bug at Teheran, and he ran a low temperature for a long time, though his stay at Mr. Baruch's seemed to do him good, but when people say he knew he was going to die I think of a dinner we had shortly before he went to Warm Springs—Anna, myself, and one or two others. After Yalta, he looked upon himself as a kind of Near East expert, and at this dinner he said, 'After the war, let's go to the Near East and settle the difficulties there. There are a lot of difficulties there.' 'I thought we were going to Hyde Park,' I said. '*Then* we'll go to the Far East,' he said. 'We'll go to China and fix things there.' I said, 'Let's go to Hyde Park.' There were more things ahead that interested Franklin than anyone else I know."

The Limit

OUR Third Avenue man informs us that the proprietor of a tavern on that distinguished thoroughfare also operates a bar at Rockaway Beach and he frequently drives some of his better customers down there for a change of scene. One of the patrons who recently made the trip sneaked off at the other end and got drunk at another place on the beach. "Let him show his strawberry nose in this place again!" the proprietor said to our man, making a strangling gesture with his big hands. "I can take a good deal from the trade—fighting and swearing and all that—but I got no use for a traitor."

"O. K. Turn it on."

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"Well, it was fun while it lasted."

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LIFE AMONG THESE UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS

(The constant rediscovery by Americans of lovable, unforgettable American characters is a challenge to any American writer. Up to now this writer has done little or nothing about it, but this condition could not long endure. The following, therefore, is submitted as the author's attempt to participate in the movement, or trend. It is sloppily written chiefly because the author was unable to decide whether to do the piece as a magazine article, a revue sketch, or a script for a motion-picture short. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is fortuitous. THE AUTHOR.)

IT was with sighs of relief that Mr. and Mrs. Mort pulled up to the filling station. They had been told upon leaving the town of X—— that the tank of their Lincoln Continental convertible would hold enough gas to get them to the town of Y—— but that it would be a good idea to make a stop at Arthur James Witherspoon's filling station, the only filling station between X—— and Y——. It was pointed out (unnecessarily, since Mr. and Mrs. Mort were experienced motorists) that when driving in the desert it is a wise thing now and then to halt, let some of the air out of your tires, stretch your legs, wash up, see to the gas and oil and water, and inquire as to the condition of the highway. Driving fatigue is thus lessened, and the motorcar itself is in better shape for continuing the journey. Unfortunately, upon leaving the town of X——, the Morts observed a sign that read, "90 MI TO ARTHUR JAMES WITHERSPOON'S," and then, ten miles farther, another sign that said the same thing. Mr. Mort was doing the driving and he hoped his medium-young and attractive wife had not noticed the sign, but she had, all right. The third sign they saw reminded them that the next filling station was that of Arthur James Witherspoon, but gave no estimate of the distance. One thing the Morts knew: when they came upon a filling station it would be the only one, and it would be the one conducted by Arthur James Witherspoon.

The Morts kept an eye on the gas gauge and the speedometer, and had a fairly unpleasant time trying to recall what mileage they got on a gallon at what speed, and Mr. Mort, with his somewhat vague technical information, had the added worry about the effect of altitude on gasoline consumption. Unhappily, he could not recall whether you used more, or less, gasoline at high altitudes, and moreover he was not sure whether this particular desert was one of the high-altitude deserts or low ones.

The result was that he had chewed the inside of his cheek to the point where he was developing another salivary gland when, in the distance, about fifteen miles, he saw what could only be the filling station of Arthur James Witherspoon. He knew about mirages and suspected one, but when he turned to his wife she smiled; she, too, had seen the filling station, or what could only be the filling station. Praise God, they were right in their assumption.

When, some twelve or thirteen minutes later, they pulled up to the establishment of Arthur James Witherspoon, they at first saw no human being. But a moment after they stopped they saw an elderly man who had been half hidden by a rain barrel. He was sitting on a bench. Across his lap was an old .22 rifle, a Winchester octagonal-barrel pump gun. He wore a pair of levis and a blue shirt, both well bleached, a pair of white-and-brown saddle straps, and one of those cream-colored hats with half-inch bands that are affected by Westerners. The shoes were without laces. The man had what might be called a reluctant sunburn. His face and hands and arms were indeed sunburned, but not with the smoothness of the tan that indicates oils and lotions. He was sunburned because, in the desert, you just can't help it.

With the instinctive, well-mannered democracy that had got him into the Vine at Princeton, Mr. Mort called out to the elderly gentleman. "Howdy," he said.

"Hi ya," said the old gentleman.

"Fill 'er up," said Mr. Mort.

"Fill 'er up yourself," said the old gentleman.

Mr. Mort, as was his right, lightly punched his wife's thigh. "A character," he said, without moving his lips. Then, "Howdy," he repeated, starting to get out of the car. "Fill 'er up."

This time the old gentleman scratched himself and said, "*I* heard *you* the first time. Fill 'er up yourself."

"Oh," said Mr. Mort. He got out of the car and took the cap off the pipe leading to the tank of his car and unhooked the hose of the pump. He inserted the nozzle in the tank and then

turned to Mr. Witherspoon. "Now what?" he asked.

"Just squeeze 'er, like a trigger. You seen it done a thousand times," said Mr. Witherspoon.

Mr. Mort smiled with almost boyish pleasure; he had seen it done a thousand times, but he never had done it himself. It came easy to him, and the fuel began pouring in the tank. The fun of it partly took away from his chagrin at Mr. Witherspoon's reception.

Mr. Witherspoon now seemed unaware of the presence of his clients, and when Mrs. Mort got out of the car and said, "Where can I wash my hands, please?," Mr. Witherspoon said, "Don't do much washin' here. We're in the desert. You wanta gota the toilet . . . ," and he half turned his head in the direction of the back of the filling station.

Mrs. Mort started in that direction, but before she had gone very far Mr. Witherspoon said, "Look out for rattlers."

Mrs. Mort froze. "What?"

"You better look out for snakes. I try to keep them off the place, but I can't be everywhere." With that he raised his rifle and aimed at a spot just inside the clearing. He fired, pumped, and fired again. Mr. and Mrs. Mort looked toward the spot at which he had aimed. A five-foot rattlesnake lay quivering and forever ineffectual. "Most likely be anothern along soon, unless she's in the toilet." To Mr. Mort he said, "Your wife wants to gota the toilet. Take that stick."

Mr. Mort, who had paused in the fuelling of his car, said, "She doesn't need any stick to—"

"She don't, but maybe the she-rattler's in there. I don't know. Suit yourself."

"Oh," said Mr. Mort. He replaced the pump hose and took the stick and preceded his wife to the rest room. While he was gone he heard another shot, and when he came back he said to Mr. Witherspoon; "Get the other one?"

"Nup," said Mr. Witherspoon.

"Missed her, eh?"

"Nup. Wasn't shootin' at anything."

"You weren't *shooting* at anything? I thought I heard you fire the gun."

"Rifle," said Mr. Witherspoon.

"I mean rifle. I was sure I heard you fire it, the rifle."

"You did, but that don't say I was shootin' at anything."

"Oh," said Mr. Mort, pretending to

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"You lack pep, stamina, and vitality. You should see a good druggist."

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understand. "Guess I'll let some air out of the tires. Can I borrow a gauge?"

"In there in the creel, on my cot."

"Creel? Any fishing around here?" said Mr. Mort. He was speaking with the enthusiasm of a fisherman, but tolerantly incredulous as well.

"You look in that creel, you'll find a pair of dice, too, but I don't shoot crap with myself. You wanta borrow a gauge, it's in the creel."

MR. MORT found the gauge and went about the business of letting some air out of the tires.

While her husband was thus engaged, Mrs. Mort reappeared and sauntered up to Mr. Witherspoon. "My, it must get awfully lonely here. Do you get to town often?"

"Evvy Christmas," said Mr. Witherspoon.

"What?"

"Never miss a Christmas in town. Nineteen year now. Wouldn't think of missing a Christmas in town."

"Oh, really? I imagine the radio must be a great consolation here. I see you have one."

"Wouldn't be without it," said Mr. Witherspoon. "Forty-eight, we'll send that Truman back to Missouri, where he belongs, him and the rest of 'em. Yes sir, I listen to all them campaigns."

"Well, I hope you're right. My husband and I are Republicans, too."

"Y'are? Hmm. Well, I don't ask a person their politics or religion or where they come from. Uh-uh. There she comes." He raised his rifle, fired, and lowered it. "There she goes." A second rattlesnake bit the dust.

"Oh! Good shot!" said Mrs. Mort.

"The othern wasn't. Took two. Skins ain't worth as much when you got two bullet holes in 'em," said Mr. Witherspoon. He pulled out an old hunting-case watch, studied it, looked toward the sun, and nodded. "Watch is right," he said, and frowned. "Say, Ma'am, your husband's probly gonna want to clean the windshield. Why don't you do it for him while he's fooling around with them tires. Rag over there. Water in that bottle. Don't waste the water."

"Oh, let him do it. I'd just like to sit and talk for a few minutes."

"Too late now," said Mr. Witherspoon. "Thull be a truck along here now pretty soon and I don't like to have the place all cluttered up with cars and people, where I can't give the proper attention to evvabody. You just take that rag and wipe them bugs off the windshield and you'll be outa here that much sooner."

Mrs. Mort did as she was told, greatly to the surprise and delight of her husband, who regretted that he was unable to see the expression on her face as she removed the corpses of insects from the windshield. He asked Mr. Witherspoon how much he owed him.

Mr. Witherspoon squinted and stared at the pump. "Looks like two forty-eight from here."

"That's about it," said Mr. Mort.

"Two forty-eight. That's four ninety-six. Make it five dollars."

"Five dollars?" said Mr. Mort.

"Well, four ninety-six, then, if you object to paying the extra four cents."

"It's not the four cents I object to. It's the extra two forty-eight. What's that for?"

"Double. I charge everything double here. In the desert it's worth it. Put your two forty-eight in the tank, bub, and your car won't run very far on it. I got the gazzoline, so—well, what's the use explaining matters?"

"I see," said Mr. Mort. He took a ten-dollar bill from his wallet.

Mr. Witherspoon looked at it. "In the desk inside, top drawer, you'll find some fives and singles. Get your change there and put the ten in the second drawer with the twenties and fifties. Hate to hurry you, but I got another customer almost due about now."

"I wish you'd make the change yourself. I don't like to handle somebody else's money."

"Why, I trust you, bub. Anyhow, you can't get very far on the desert. Only one road, bub, next town fifty-five mile from here."

"I see," said Mr. Mort. He did as instructed and then joined his wife in the car. Mr. Mort was now disagreeable. He started the motor, and as he was pulling away he heard the voice of Mr. Witherspoon.

"Hurry back," said Mr. Witherspoon, and looked again at his watch.

—JOHN O'HARA

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It is with sincere regret that on June 7th, L—— S——, a member of the Club since 1917 . . . passed away in Manteo, N. C.—*Bulletin of the Canadian Club, New York.*

That's often the way.

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THE SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT

THEY were sitting on the wide porch in the wicker chairs Nora Clark had bought at Hutzler's the week before. There was no wind and a little heat lightning trembled in the night sky and the trees hung full in the street, as heavy-laden with leaves as an orchard with apples.

Jim Clark had finished his highball, but he was waiting for a pause in the conversation before suggesting another round. Mr. Glover, small, round-faced, and round-bodied, swinging his glasses back and forth on their black ribbon, was telling him an unflattering anecdote about the O.P.A., and he could hear Mrs. Glover, her dowager bosom shelving before her, complaining to Nora about the servant situation.

Though this was only the second time Jim had talked with the Glovers, he reflected on how predictable they were. They lived in a world of Tory fears and alarums, a world in which they were constantly being pushed from the sidewalk by lower classes, and spoken to insolently by their help, and persecuted by visionary bureaucrats.

Jim and Nora Clark had lived in New York until Jim's new job with Glenn Martin required their moving to Baltimore. They had no acquaintance with Maryland, and one of their New York friends, Dan Glover, had suggested that they look up his parents. "They're a little stuffy, but fundamentally nice," he had said. "And there'll be a lot of things they can help you with—how to get plumbers and dentists and colored men to cut the lawn, that sort of thing."

After a stay at a hotel, the Clarks managed to rent this house—a large, shingled, turn-of-the-century affair set amid a tangle of trees and shrubbery—and Nora phoned the Glovers. Mrs. Glover came to call and it developed that they were almost neighbors, for the Clarks' house was on the fringe of Roland Park, the select Baltimore suburb where the Glovers lived. Mrs. Glover told Nora, "Thirty years ago this was one of the best streets in Baltimore. And it's still a lovely street," she added firmly. She also told Nora which were the best dairy and the best market and what employment agencies were the most dependable. She exclaimed properly over the Clark baby and invited Jim and Nora to dinner.

They went and were impressed by the Glover mansion, a huge, Tudorish house overlooking a ravine. It contained about twenty rooms and was badly understaffed. All through dinner the Clarks had a feeling that some sort of crisis was impending below-stairs.

They had coffee in the living room, beneath the gaze of a battery of family photographs. There was Dan Glover, looking impossibly young in a picture from his Princeton days, and his two younger brothers in their officers' uniforms; there were several married daughters and their husbands and children. Many Glover ancestors frowned coldly from gilt-framed oils.

Talk was rather difficult, because the Glovers had so many phobias that almost any subject led directly to one or another of them. When Jim admired some shotguns and hunting rifles in a hall case, Mr. Glover commented that, at any rate, he was ready for "them." "Them" turned out to be the Negro population of Baltimore, which Mr. Glover confidently expected to inundate Roland Park in a wild sans-culotte mob now the war was over.

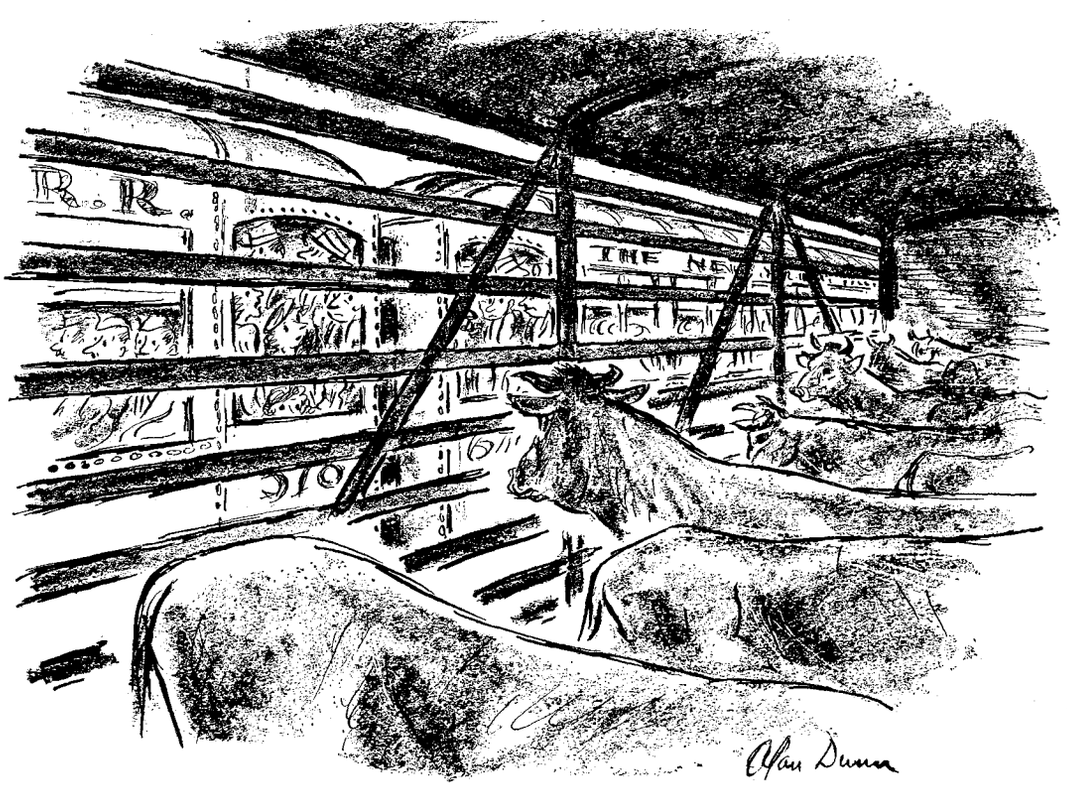
The Clarks admired a number of period pieces and examined a special kitchen stove which Mr. Glover had imported from Switzerland. As he exhibited its fine points he angrily scraped at a hot plate on the stove, snapping, "Damn that slovenly woman, she never cleans this stove properly."

Mrs. Glover was an authority on the Colonial houses of Maryland, and that saw them safely through most of the evening, since all Jim and Nora had to do was look at pictures of homes called Cold Saturday and Folly's Quarters and King's Grant while Mrs. Glover gave a running commentary on each. That night Jim saw enough pictures of box hedges to hold him for the rest of his life.

The visit ended on a note of unpleasantness when Mr. Glover expressed his considerable pleasure and gratification at the death of Roosevelt and Jim became angry enough to tell him sharply that both he and Nora were New Dealers. The Glovers were as horrified as if he'd struck them.

The Clarks left, with an impression of tables on which the Treaty of Ghent had been signed and chairs on which President Buchanan had sat and thin-lipped merchant ancestors staring down from the walls and Communist agitators lurking enviously behind each box hedge.

THREE weeks later, Nora returned the dinner invitation, feeling sure that it would be refused but knowing that the amenities would be pre-



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served. To her surprise, the Glovers accepted, and here they were.

Jim got up, said, "May I take your glass, Mrs. Glover?"

She said, "Heavens, no. Not another drink for me. One is my limit, thank you." Then, to her husband, "Preston, dear, I think we should be going home."

"Oh, not so early," said Nora politely.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Glover. "You have to go out to Middle River to your job, don't you, Mr. Clark?" she asked, and when Jim nodded she went on, "Then you have to get up early, too. We're early risers, Preston and I. Have been ever since we were young."

They left in a little flurry of talk, Mrs. Glover coquettishly telling of a letter she had written Dan in which she scolded him for not warning them what delightful people the Clarks were, while Mr. Glover, his eyeglasses glinting, assured Jim that England would live to regret repudiating Winston Churchill. "Europe I'm willing to wash my hands of," said Mr. Glover, "but to find England going Communist . . ." He shook his head sombrely.

Mrs. Glover, pulling on her gloves, sighed. Then she gave a nervous laugh and a little nervous look around her. "Honestly," she said, "with what's happened in England and all, doesn't it make you think sometimes the world is coming to an end?" Then she brightened and said good night and what a nice time they'd had.

When they'd gone, Jim and Nora brought the highball glasses and the cushions into the house. They looked at each other and smiled. "They make me sad," Nora said. "They have such big hearts and such small minds."

"Maybe that'll happen to us when we're that old," Jim said.

"God forbid. I hope young James puts a bullet through our heads if it does." Then she said, "I'm glad you didn't jump Mr. Glover about any of the things he was saying."

Jim shrugged. "What good would it do? You can't argue with people like that."

"I know. But it was nice that you didn't, anyhow."

They went up the stairs to the gloom of the second-floor hall. Something creaked in the attic above them.

"What was that?" Nora asked.

"Nothing," Jim said. "Just the joists settling."

She looked at him with disbelief, and he laughed. "Your background has been too urban," he told her. "All that brick and steel you've lived in hasn't prepared you for the simple life."

"There's nothing simple about this place," she said. "Something's always going wrong."

He said, "I've tried to tell you what Wisconsin was like. Well, it's like this house and this street. It's all very Middle Western here. Small Wisconsin towns are full of houses like this one."

"Are they this noisy, too?" Nora asked. "This place gives me the creeps. I don't like stairs creaking and joists settling or whatever goes on at night here."

"Spooks," said Jim.

"Whatever it is, I don't like it."

In their bedroom, which was at the front of the house, Nora switched on a bed lamp. Jim began to undress. From the window, Nora said, "Oh, the car, Jim! You forgot to put it away again."

He groaned. "The damn garage doors are stuck. I'll fix them tomorrow."

"See," she said, "something's always wrong here."

They went into the baby's room, which opened off their own. He was asleep in his crib, his head pressed against the belly of a toy panda. Off through the trees and beyond their

HAWTHORNE COURT: SUMMER MORNING

In the young maples that line the flagstone sidewalk
Of the residential block, in the ivy that covers
The five brick stories, the sparrows are loud at daybreak.

In the bedroom, warm, with both the windows open,
The restless sleeper stirs, the belated slumber
Broken by this obstreperousness of sparrows.

There are hundreds of sparrows, hundreds, all of a twitter,
Garrulous, chattering, scolding, making a racket
From sheer delight at their own incessant jabber.

We rise, and dress. We do not hear the sparrows
For the sound of the water running in the bathroom,
The click and slam of the heavy door of the icebox,

The toilet flushing, the early-morning broadcast,
The clatter that comes from washing the breakfast dishes
As the zinc receives the silver and the china.

Pillows are thumped, beds moved on jarring casters,
The dumbwaiter ends its creaking trips for garbage.
Then, for a quarter hour, there is perfect stillness.

In the living room, all green and blue and shaded,
The Oriental poppy's big red petal
Falls to the floor, with a little sound, like cardboard.

And then, halfway between sunrise and noontime,
The chattering comes again, through other windows,
On the side away from the street, louder and louder,

Louder, as if the sun were an amplifier,
And more articulate but the same in temper,
Garrulous, shrill, the chatterers delighted,

Quarrelsome, scolding.
But these are not the sparrows.
These are the children playing in the garden.

—Rolfe Humphries

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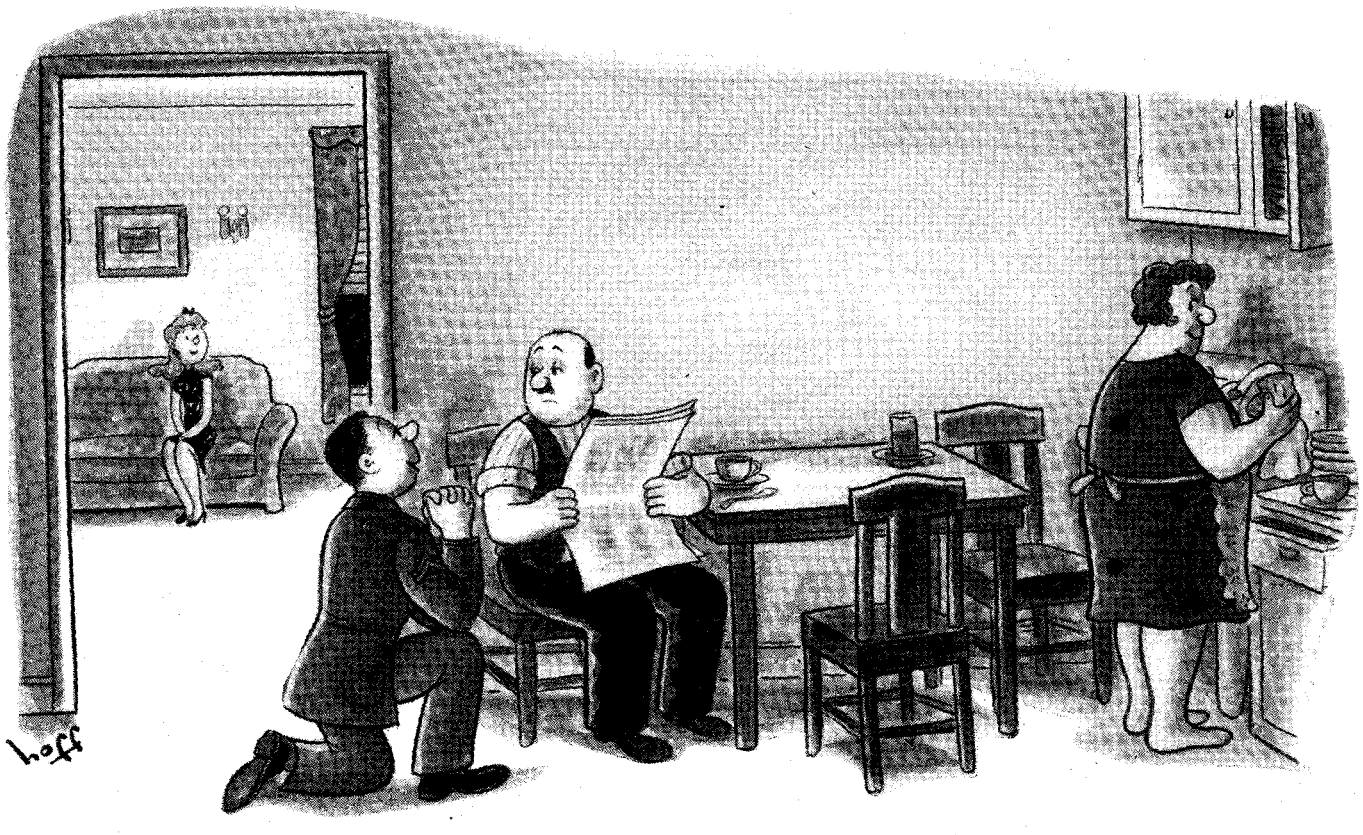

"It's about a certain member of your family, Mr. Kopik."

garage they could see the red and blue neon lights of the shopping center. "BAR & GRILL" kept flashing on and off.

Jim looked at his watch. "It's nearly eleven. See if you can get a news broadcast on the radio, will you?" he said, and he kissed her lightly and went off to the bathroom.

He was brushing his teeth when he heard Nora cry out.

He came out into the hall. "What?"

Then he could hear what she was saying. "Someone's taking our car!" she cried.

Jim hurried to the bedroom and looked out the window. His car was moving slowly away from the curb, almost as though it were coasting downhill. He yelled, "Hey! Get out of that car!," and the thief, possibly in a start of nervousness, raced the motor and the car jounced forward.

Jim started for the stairs, then realized that by the time he could unlock the front door and reach the street the thief would be blocks away. He swung instead to the telephone, dialled the operator, and asked for Police. He was surprised to find that his voice was trembling, that he was gripped by a sense of shock and, oddly, of fear. He looked at Nora and saw that her face was big-eyed and pale. He jiggled the phone. "Operator, I want the police. This is urgent—"

"I'm trying to get your number—" the operator began, and then a masculine voice said, "Northern District."

Jim reported the theft of the car, gave a description of it and his license number, and his address.

"I'll put it on the radio," the officer said. "A squad car will be out right away."

In fifteen minutes the squad car arrived and Jim went out to the curb and gave his information again. There was a delay while one of the officers looked for his pencil. "I had it right here a minute ago," he said petulantly.

The other officer asked some questions. "Could you see if the guy was colored or white?"

"No," Jim said.

"Were your keys in the car?"

"Yes."

The officer clucked in reproof. "You shouldn't have done that. Why, that's just an invitation to steal."

"I know I shouldn't," Jim said.

AFTER the police left, Jim returned to the house and found Nora closing and locking the first-floor windows against the warm August night. For the first time it came to him that she was badly frightened.

He put an arm around her. "Darling, it's nothing to worry about. It's probably some kids. They'll drive it until they run out of gas and then abandon it."

"It's awful, somehow," she said, moving away from him. "I don't know —it's an awful feeling to think we've been spied on. How did they know the keys were in the car?"

"They just looked at the dashboard, I guess."

"But they must have looked at it before. They must have planned this and known that you sometimes leave the keys in the car. I don't like to think of them prowling around us like that."

"What do you mean, 'them'? So far as we know there was only one thief." He led her to the kitchen and turned on the light. "We both need a drink," he said, and took a bottle from the cupboard.

Nora went over and tried the kitchen door; it was locked. Then she whirled quickly. "What's that?"

Jim jumped. "What's what?" he demanded.

"That noise. Didn't you hear it?"

"No, and neither did you. Here—bottoms up!"

But Nora simply held the glass,

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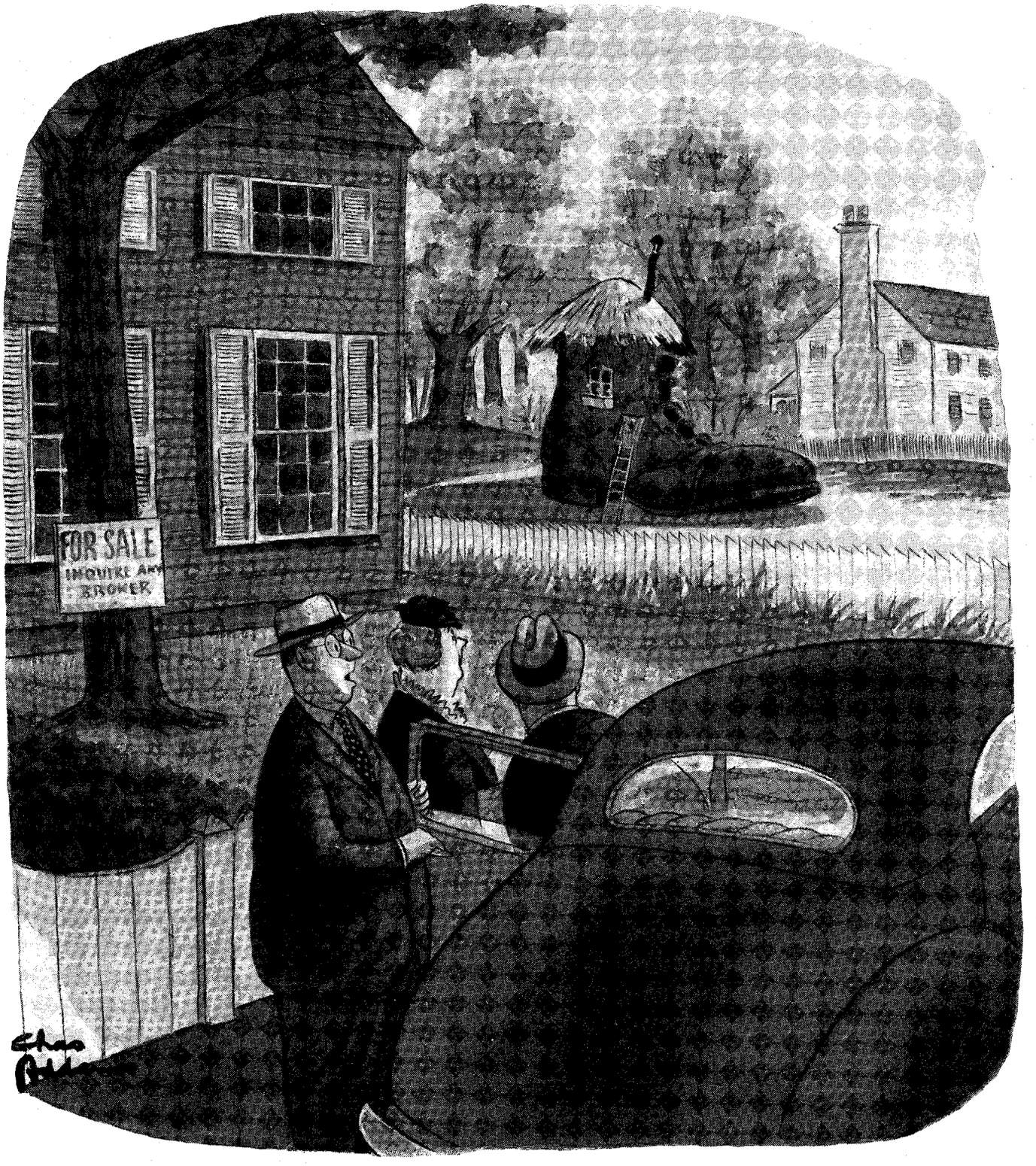

"I hope you don't object to children."

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her eyes big, her body tense as she listened.

Something in her strained alertness, in her obvious feeling that the dark contained a hundred marauders, struck a chord of remembrance in Jim, and he smiled faintly.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What on earth are you smiling at?"

He said, "Remember when Mrs. Glover was saying good night? She said she thought it was the end of the world and looked around her nervously, just like you're doing."

Nora stared at him.

"Good Lord," said Jim. "Think of it! The way we feel now must be the way the Glovers feel all the time."

Nora looked at him blankly for a moment, and then there was understanding in her eyes. She shivered. "The poor wretches," she said.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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PROFILES

SOCRATES AFLOAT

HARTWELL STUART SHIPPEY is the captain of a battered and shabby barge which has hauled uncounted thousands of tons of sand, coal, fruit, and machinery uncounted tens of thousands of miles without venturing farther from New York Harbor than Hell Gate. Captain Shippey's barge has never been rammed, burned, or sunk, and what would appear to be its outstanding characteristic, an obdurate indestructibility, is shared by almost every other barge in existence. It has never incontinently broken loose from its tug, as other barges have been known to do, however, and it has never been cheapened by the latter-day affectation of awnings over its square windows, folding canvas chairs on its tarred deck, or plumbing of any kind. It is, in short, a bargeman's barge. But that is not the point. The barge is noteworthy chiefly because it provides an appropriate setting for Captain Shippey. Being an amateur philosopher with semi-pro leanings, the Captain takes a reasoned, long-range view of things. He says, "Isn't it enough that this barge has given me a happy home? My wife and I have spent many a pleasant moonlit night aboard her, floating down the Gowanus Canal or moored off South Street. My daughter has swung snugly in her wire cage in the cabin. She—the barge, not my daughter—has earned her rest and, God willing, may she someday get it." To this wish he adds a neat postscript. "Not that I believe in the conventional anthropomorphic God," he says.

Captain Shippey is an exceptionally eloquent and well-read man, and he finds it as easy to speak movingly of his books and his past as he does of his barge. In a life many people would consider hopelessly misspent, Shippey sees much to cherish. Little by little, he has come to regard himself as the protagonist in man's struggle to understand his place in the universe. This self-dramatization has not humbled Shippey. "Hart's arrogant, all right," one of his almost equally eloquent friends said recently, "and he's arrogant in such a nakedly arrogant way that it's impossible not to hate him. Once you've come that far, you begin to like him. Arguing with him is like taking a cold shower: first you let out a yelp of protest, then you swear that you shouldn't have done it and that you'll never do it again, but when it's over you feel fine. You feel waked up and alive."

Captain Shippey, now fifty-nine, is short, bowlegged, and muscle-bound, but aboard his barge or during a drinking party ashore the eloquence of the monologues he is fond of delivering perceptibly increases his height. This eerie effect may derive from the fact that as he speaks he trots up and down the room at a faster and faster rate, his arms and legs flailing, his wide mouth working, while his audience, composed of fellow-barge captains or scholarly Platonists, shrink into their chairs to keep from being bumped and maimed. By the time the Captain reaches his peroration, which is likely to be studded with such oddly assorted names as Origen, Augustine, Albert Jay Nock, Jack London, and Jacques Maritain, he looks at least seven feet tall and his voice is vibrant enough to set the ice in the highball glasses tinkling. In citing Parmenides on the myth of the individual, he is known to have wakened a baby in an apartment three stories over his head. In full flight he is transformed from a meek Jack the Giant Killer into the giant himself, attacking everyone in sight in a manner likely to put an end to the oldest and closest relationships. "Damn you!" he will shout, shaking his fist in the face of a friend of thirty years' standing. "Philosophy is only a word to you, but to me it's everything. It's all there is!" Then, grinding his teeth, he will raise his arms toward the ceiling and shout, "O Plato, Plato!" As far as his fellow-barge captains have been able to learn, Plato has uniformly declined to answer this strident and intemperate summons.

By the following morning, the Captain is once more mild-mannered, soft-spoken, and approximately five feet seven. "Did I tell them off?" he is accustomed to ask his wife penitently, as she prepares their breakfast aboard the barge. "Did I give them all hell?" If his wife, a buxom, jolly woman of thirty-two, confirms his worst fears, he takes his bald head in his hands and says, "It wasn't that I was drinking. It's just that I can't stand their not taking thought more seriously. We only live once. We can't afford to waste time gabbing about nothing."

"Now, Hart," his wife says, following a contrapuntal pattern of explanation and reassurance familiar to both of them, "now, Hart, everything's going to be all right."

Hartwell Stuart Shippey

"They bored me, they bored me to death," he says. "I wanted to talk Euclid and Whitehead and Jeans, but they only gossiped about the so-called Big Three and the end of the war. Is gossip of any use to a man or isn't it?"

Being, by this time, practiced at sidestepping a syllogism, Mrs. Shippey usually makes some such matter-of-fact remark as "Will you heat the baby's formula, dear?" or "Please take the baby, dear." Picking up his year-old daughter, Shippey proceeds to defend himself to her, posing the value of Eddington against that of political chatter, pitting Einstein against what he regards as the military mumbo-jumbo of Hanson Baldwin. As he talks, his daughter quietly dismantles his outer scaffolding of glasses, pipe, pen, and tie, putting them one after another into her mouth, tasting them, and then throwing them on the floor. (Shippey's glasses appear to be as indestructible as his barge, even though the frames are now held together only by an intricate arrangement of string and paper clips.) He and his daughter are devoted to each other, he providing her with a rich source of playthings, she providing him with a wide-eyed and, for the most part, submissive audience.

"She's my baby Charmides," Shippey says. Charmides is a character in one of the early Socratic dialogues; the baby's name is really just Katrina. "She's a lovely and unknowledgeable child, and I'm glad to have her around. Puts

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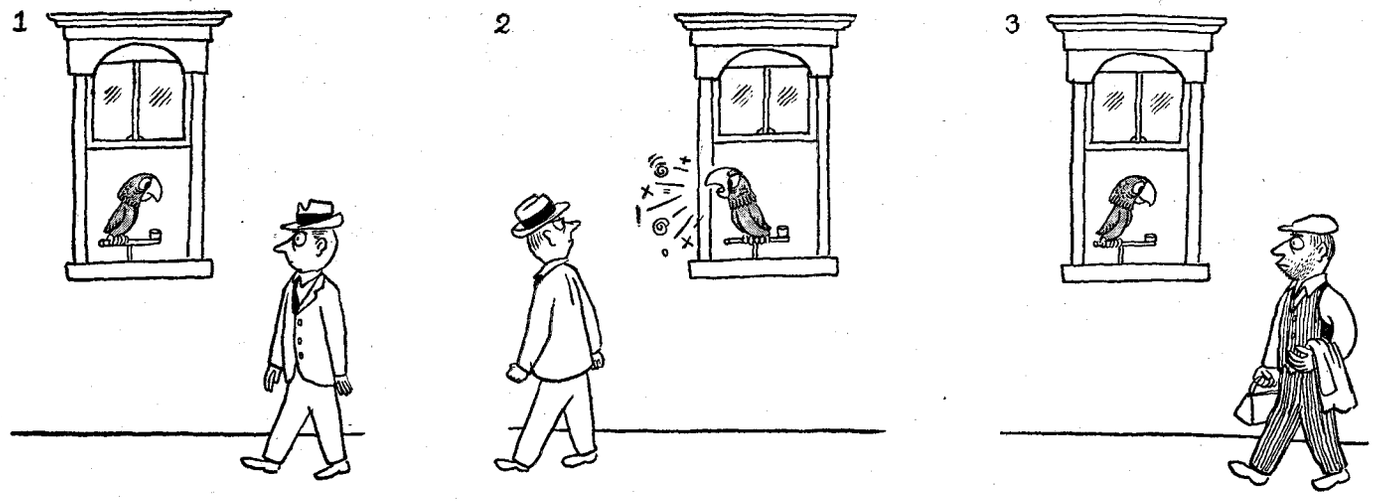

me in mind of my days ashore. I remember meeting another Charmides one night, when I hopped a freight train in New Mexico. A college boy. We talked physics till a railroad bull came walking along the tops of the cars and kicked me into the mesquite. He must have kicked the college boy off, too, but by that time the train was eight or ten miles down the track, and I never saw him again. Had a sound, speculative brain, that boy did."

MANY of the fellow-students of philosophy with whom Captain Shippey has from time to time struck up an acquaintance in the reading room of the Forty-second Street Library are surprised to learn that he is a barge captain, but Shippey pretends to be surprised by their surprise. "Life on a barge," he tells them, "approaches perfection. I don't say it *is* perfection, because we can't, after all, be sure what perfection is—perfection's not the same thing to everyone. A barge captaincy is the best job in the world for a painter, poet, musician, sculptor, mathematician, philosopher, or theologian. The wonder to me is that the profession's not crammed with former Supreme Court justices, bishops, and Ph.D.s. In fact, it's a wonder that the government isn't forced to ration out jobs in the academic style, giving barge captaincies in political science, say, or in medieval literature. I bet if all the citizens of New York knew as much about life on a barge as I do, they'd act like those Norwegian lemmings you read about, pouring down into the sea. There wouldn't be a dock from Newtown Creek to Weehawken not black with them."

Captain Shippey cheerfully admits that he finds the sound of his voice intoxicating, and once he begins to describe the serenity and detachment of the long, idle nights and equally long, idle days aboard a barge, his remarks rapidly become a monologue. If the monologue happens to take place in the Public Library, Shippey's favorite substitute for a Greek grove, it is generally interrupted by outraged whispers of "Sh-h-h!" from nearby readers. To these interruptions Shippey pays little attention, merely bowing abstractedly. If an attendant requests him to leave the room, Shippey takes a firm grasp on the lapel of whatever new-found acquaintance he happens to be addressing and, still talking, drags him outside, through the catalogue room, and down to a bench on the first landing of the main staircase. In fine weather, Shippey may even lead the way out to a bench in Bryant Park. "There are mostly old men and lovers on the benches there," he says. "Quiet types. And the plane trees have an antique look to them because of the way the bark peels. It's a good place for ordinary sitting and high thinking."

Fixing his listener with a bright stare, Shippey opens his brief for barge life. "In the first place," he says, "in my profession you start at the top. Either you're a barge captain or you're not on a barge at all. There's no working up from boatswain or second mate, because there aren't any such jobs on a barge. In the second place, you don't have to know anything about boats. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a barge captain doesn't own his barge, he just works for somebody down on the Battery who owns a whole passel of barges, and this owner figures, 'Why, pshaw, there's nothing much that can happen to a barge when it's fast to a dock and there's nothing much more that can happen to it when it's being pulled by a tug, so let the old fool find his way around by himself!'

"When *I* started in as a barge captain," Shippey continues, "I didn't, as the saying goes, know one end of a boat from another, but hell's bells, on a barge that doesn't matter. Both ends of a barge are the same. I didn't know what a bitt or a capstan was, and I couldn't tell a barge from a scow, but it turned out that nobody cared. I picked up information as I went along, a bit one year, a bit the next—no pun intended. And all the while I was soaking up the stuff that really mattered, reading Comenius, Hegel, and so forth. In winter I'd sit in my little cabin with my feet on the hob of a six-hole coal stove, as warm and cozy as could be, while the wind and snow blew over the harbor, or I'd sit out on deck in summer with a fine view of the George Washington Bridge from somewhere along by Jersey City, or coast down through Hell Gate in the hot sun with Sir Thomas Browne on my knees. I learned how to think and to be, as you might say. *Cogito, ergo sum*, as Descartes said.

"But the most important thing about life on a barge is that you don't have to think about money any more. You don't have to scrabble for it because it keeps flooding in on top of you, more money than you know what to do with, and gradually you learn to treat it with all the contempt and disrespect it deserves. In normal times, barge captains get from a hundred to a hundred and thirty-five dollars a month, and during the war we got as much as two hundred and sixty a month. Besides this, we get our cabin and any food we may pick up when a crate of prunes or condensed milk or oranges or canned hash breaks on our deck. A man interested in pure thought, he couldn't get through a hundred dollars a month if he tried—not unless, like me, he got married and let his wife do it."

By means of such dissertations, Shippey has persuaded a number of scholarly acquaintances to abandon positions in

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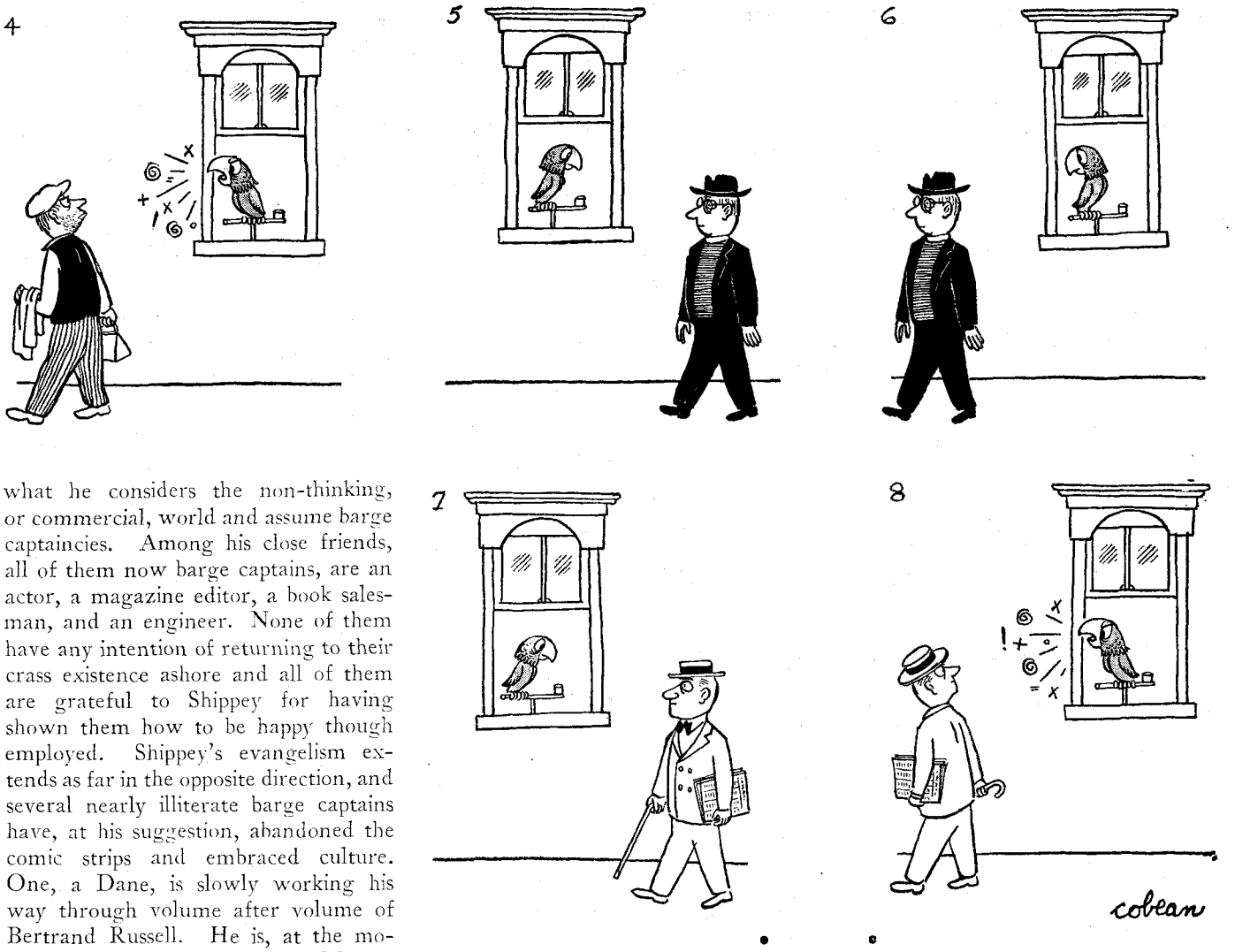

what he considers the non-thinking, or commercial, world and assume barge captaincies. Among his close friends, all of them now barge captains, are an actor, a magazine editor, a book salesman, and an engineer. None of them have any intention of returning to their crass existence ashore and all of them are grateful to Shippey for having shown them how to be happy though employed. Shippey's evangelism extends as far in the opposite direction, and several nearly illiterate barge captains have, at his suggestion, abandoned the comic strips and embraced culture. One, a Dane, is slowly working his way through volume after volume of Bertrand Russell. He is, at the moment, far at sea in "Principia Mathematica," but Shippey is confident that his friend will eventually make port. "Give him another twenty or twenty-two years," Shippey says. "Time's no object on a barge."

SHIPPEY alternates between being touched and disturbed by the fact that he has a following. "It's like I was Socrates," he says, when he is in a bland, high-spirited mood. "I got me a gang of disciples to ask me questions or give the wrong answers. I can rant and rave." But in moments of self-doubt, which are luckily rare, he complains, "Why in the name of the Eleusinian mysteries don't they leave me alone? I should have kept my mouth shut about barges. In the old days I had a little privacy to think, to make use of my powers. Now look at me. I do nothing but jabber, jabber, jabber." "To make use of my powers" is Shippey's favorite expression, and it is, he tells his disciples, precisely what he has been trying to do all his life. The group's occasional drinking parties, at which the beverage served is usually nothing stronger than Ballantine's ale, generally reach their climax when Captain Shippey gives his account of how he learned to make use of his powers despite the "rotten way I was brought up and educated," another favorite expression of his. Since none of his disciples knew him in infancy, Shippey begins with what is, even for a man of his mental gifts, a surprisingly circumstantial account of his birth, and carries the Shippey career job by job, jail by jail, and philosopher by philosopher, to date.

"I was born in '86," he will say, "in Yates Center, Kansas—brand-new country in those days." Then, as if, right after being delivered, he had raised his head and glanced through the nearest window, he goes on to explain, "We had a big orchard back of the house. In the fall we put up a sign on the front fence: 'Drive In and Help Yourself.' My father, a typical pioneer, farmed our quarter section, sold real estate and insurance, taught in the local academy, ran the county weekly newspaper, coached the church choir, and went broke. Then he hitched up the team and drove us to Richards, Missouri. He taught in the academy there, weakened from year to year, and finally died. I was eight at the time. What I remember best about him is the way his black beard wagged solemnly up and down when he told me stories.

"Mother was a schoolteacher, too, and a free-thinker about everything but sex—she wouldn't have sex in the house. The consequence of being the child of teachers was that I learned to read and write at three. When I went to school at six, I raced through the whole year's course in a couple of days, then sat back and raised hell. That's what happened all the way up the line. The school system didn't take into account the needs of an inquisitive brain. It just tried to force advanced kids into the common mold, and we advanced kids fought it. The first thing anybody knew, we were the hoodlums, the mavericks, the bad actors in the community, and it's taken me, for one, a full fifty years to recover from it.

"After my father died, we moved to Mineral, Illinois, then to Normal, Illinois, and while we were living there my mother married again—married a big, outspoken, go-getter encyclopedia

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salesman who stood for everything I hated. He was the kind that could sell Grant's Tomb—masterful, hypnotic, full of practical jokes. Every so often he got drunk and beat up my mother. I used to collect money from customers for him after school, and one day he accused me of stealing some of it. I got so sore that after that, whenever I was given a five-dollar bill in payment for one of his encyclopedia sets, I'd tear up the bill and throw it in the bushes. I never actually stole any money, but I saw to it that his suspicions cost him plenty. I was a puny child for twelve or fourteen, but active and mean as a tarantula, and finally I bought a gun and chased my stepfather out of the house, his house. He was all for having me arrested for attempted murder, so I left town. That was the start of my going on the road, and I've been on and off the road a good many times since.

"Being a nosy kid, I tried a good many jobs: carrying cadavers up and down stairs in a Detroit hospital, waiting on table in a Tenderloin saloon in Chicago, acting as janitor in a boarding house for young ladies who attended the university there, working on a railroad construction gang in Indian territory, digging ditches for the Golden Gate Water Company outside Denver—a little of everything. I got my ear broken for talking back to a railroad gang boss and I busted my ankle taking crazy chances on a job in a tunnel in the Rockies, so I was learning all the while how to get on. But I hated holding down regular jobs. I took to being a hobo like I was born to the life. Worked out a system as time went on. As soon as I'd ridden a freight into a likely-looking town, I'd hit the front door of the biggest house on the best street in town and ask for a meal. I was a good-looking, apple-cheeked kid of sixteen or seventeen by then, and I'd say, 'Good morning, Madam, can I wash your woodwork for you?' Almost always there'd be some such job or an errand to do, and as like as not I'd be put up in the stable back of the house that night and spend maybe a month or two with the family. Matter of fact, I was nearly adopted once or twice. The first time, I ran away of my own accord; the second time, the lady of the house caught me chasing the hired girl up and down the pantry.

"The point was, I didn't care about getting ahead as long as I could go on with my reading. If there was a good, warm, comfortable library in town, with plenty of books, I stayed on; if the library wasn't so good, I tried the next town further west. The people were just so much scenery to me. In those days I was all for romance—not in real life, because that pantry stuff was pretty rare, but in books. I read nothing but fiction and poetry—poets like Keats and Shelley by preference. I was a bum, but a dreamy-eyed, idealistic bum, and, holing up in jungles outside a town, I'd recite verses by the hour. I still do."

HAVING by this time finished two or three quarts of Ballantine's ale, Captain Shippey is inclined to make use of the cue he has supplied himself and break into Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn." His fellow-barge captains, however, invariably balk at lyric poetry, a form of literature which, at their age, leaves them cold. "What about giving us a syllogism?" they demand, knowing that Shippey will like nothing better. "What about some conclusions?" Temporarily abandoning both Keats and the story of his life, Shippey plunges into a recital of the Socratic dialogue on friendship, much of which he remembers word for word.

" 'What is friendship?' " he asks, teetering slightly and gesturing with his glass. " 'When one loves another, is the lover or the beloved the friend? Or may either be the friend?' "

One of the group around him is always ready, as a contribution to a familiar ritual, to serve as his stooge. " 'Either,' " the stooge says.

" 'But isn't it possible that the lover may not be loved in return?' "

" 'Yes.' "

" 'Or even be hated?' "

" 'Yes.' "

" 'Then which is the friend of which? Is the lover the friend of the beloved, whether he be loved in return or hated, or is the beloved the friend, or is there no friendship at all on either side, unless they both love one another?' "

" 'There doesn't seem to be any friendship at all.' "

Shippey nods, in good-humored Socratic triumph, and says, " 'Then either may not be a friend, and we were wrong in saying, a moment ago, that either could be.' "

This brief warmup out of Jowett, roughly equivalent to tossing a baseball around the infield before the game starts, is usually followed by an intricate and detailed discussion of the nature of man, with side glances at the quantum theory (one of Shippey's pets) and scholarly references to Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. Slowly, by almost imperceptible transitions, Shippey returns to the story of his life, picking it up at exactly the point where he left off. "Speaking of the effect of chance on a man's life," he says, "I'd have stayed on the road forever if I hadn't fallen in love. To show the girl the stuff I was made of, I decided to become President of the United States. I went to a Chicago law school at night for a couple of years, had some whopping fights with my girl, then went back on the road. This time I followed the harvests north and west from Kansas City to the Coast. I'd left Keats and Shelley behind and fallen for Socialism, the way a lot of romantic and heartsick young men do. I never read much Marx, but I talked a blue streak about him, and I believed in him.

"After a few months, I got sick of the political side of Socialism. The Party leaders seemed to spend their time cutting each other's throats instead of capitalist throats, so I decided to try the I.W.W. In those days the I.W.W. was to Socialism about what the C.I.O. is these days to the A.F.L. They were right in the midst of organizing the lumbermen of the Northwest and were finding it pretty tough going. I dropped off a freight in Spokane one night in time to take part in a scramble the I.W.W.s were having with the local political bosses. The wobblies had been forbidden to speak publicly—in defiance, we claimed, of the right of free speech and free assembly. We went out onto street corners and recited the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, and they rounded us all up—there must have been six hundred of us—and threw us in jail. I spent six months in that jail. Looking back on it, it doesn't seem so bad, because I was able to catch up on my reading, but I was sore because it was the only time I was ever thrown into jail on a criminal indictment, and the indictment was unfair. I described the police-court judge in our local I.W.W. paper as being 'a lickspittle, a lackey, an owner of houses of prostitution, a long, lean, fishy-eyed, shovel-headed oddity that can best be likened to a Gila monster.' Probably that had something to do with the length of my stay in jail.

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"If we get lost, will you come?"

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"My other visits to jails have been mainly by choice. Whenever I've been on the bum, I've walked up to the local jug and said to the sergeant in charge, 'What can you do for a poor man in a strange town?,' and nine times out of ten the cop back of the desk has said, 'If you don't mind the stink and racket of a lot of drunks, you're welcome to a cell right here. Take off your shoes and make yourself at home.' Once, in West Virginia, I reached a little town about midnight and beat on the jail door till the sheriff, who lived nearby, came over and let me in. He didn't seem a bit disturbed. In fact, when he saw how hungry I looked, he woke his wife and got her to cook me a mess of grits and greens. That's what I call real old-fashioned Southern hospitality.

"When I left Spokane, I went down to L.A. I made up with my girl by mail, proposed to her, she came West, and we settled in a beach bungalow outside Santa Monica. It didn't take much more than twenty dollars a month to live out there then, and I always found one unimportant job or another that would pay me that much. When the war came along, I enlisted in a Canadian forestry outfit—my eyes were too bad to let me enlist in the U.S. Army—and shortly after I got back home, in 1919, my wife died. I felt knocked out. I'd enjoyed myself in France during the war. I'd got a sense for the first time of what it felt like to live in an old, stable civilization, what it felt like to believe in a certain way of life, and I couldn't be happy any more in Santa Monica, where people only believed what they read in the funny papers.

"Having nothing better to do, I joined forces with a smart real-estate speculator who needed a front man. I posed as a retired varnish manufacturer with lots of money to invest, and the speculator, a competent vulgarian like my stepfather, arranged swaps between me and ranch owners, or between me and apartment-house owners. One month I'd want to swap an apartment house for a ranch, and the next month I'd want to swap a ranch for an apartment house. The speculator pretended to serve as a disinterested go-between and always managed to get the best of the opposite party in the deal. In those days I had so much contempt for the capitalist system, for people *trying* to make money, that I felt no moral qualms. I just lived well and went on reading, which seemed the right thing for a retired varnish manufacturer to do. I waded through Epictetus, Plotinus, James Branch Cabell, Henry Cabot Lodge, Henry Mencken, Spengler, all kinds of people, and some of it stuck. I was thirty-six or thirty-seven by then. I'd left romanticism behind, and I was about halfway through being a cynic. I was taking a long time about getting educated, but look at my rotten bringing up!

"After a while, I got bored with helping a con man and we called it quits. I headed East. It took me a couple of months to reach New York, where I loafed around in the Public Library and Cooper Union and places like that, until I was broke. One night, when I was

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sitting in a cafeteria, not eating but keeping warm, a bum came up to me and we got talking. He wasn't so much on philosophy, as it turned out, but he said that if I was looking for work I ought to try barges. They didn't sound good to me. They sounded too much like the regular jobs I'd always hated, but it was winter, handouts were hard to come by, and I decided to go down to the Battery the next day and have a look."

To Shippey, as to his friends, a captain's first encounter with a barge is an event scarcely less definite and meaningful than birth, and he and they speak of the craft on which they have worked, or have appeared to work, as other men speak of the women they have loved. "My first barge," Shippey says, "was owned by the New York Central, and she was a beauty. She wasn't merely beautiful, though; she had a personality. My first voyage was when a tug hauled us with a load of grain from Jersey to Brooklyn. We were made fast to a dock in Newtown Creek and never moved for three months. It was like I had died and gone to heaven—not that I believe in the conventional story-book heaven. Outside, it was all cold and snow and a lot of poor devils who might have been me were walking the streets, and there in my cabin I was as snug as a bug in a rug, with a big double bed and a closet full of baked beans, salt pork, and coffee. I'd met a few fellow-philosophers over at Cooper Union in New York here, by that time, and once in a while John Macy, of Harvard, or Frank Hamilton, who later taught at St. John's of Annapolis, came aboard and we talked the night away. Hamilton was the brightest, most slovenly man I ever met, and my best friend. He and I could talk for three weeks straight without getting more than a little winded. It was Hamilton who first told me about St. John's, the only place I know where a man can make up for the kind of education he gets as a child. I learned the alphabet at two, read 'Black Beauty' at three, and Darwin at six, but I was fifty before I heard of a school that I *wanted* to go to."

SHIPPEY has spent the past sixteen years on barges, except for occasional short retreats to the road. "A couple of times during the last years of the depression," he told a fellow-barge captain recently, by way of apologizing for his apparent occasional faithlessness to barges, "I hit the road just to see what it felt like. I'd tried out a lot of jails, good, bad, and indifferent, but along with the New Deal came federal transient camps, an astonishing development to an old bo like me. For the first time since the Middle Ages, a bum was given a bath, good food, and a place to keep warm without feeling he had to sing hymns or repent his sins. Once, using the transient camps, I bummed across the country and back. Took eighteen months to make the round trip and it didn't cost me a dime. I found that libraries have improved considerably since my early days. Plato and Aristotle are the same, but the heating and lighting of library buildings are better. Still, I was glad to get back on a barge. Once you've tasted the life, there's nothing else that can satisfy you. A man doesn't spend much time in contemplation in a jouncing cattle car, but contemplation and barges go together like bed and sleep."

Shippey has worked for a number of companies since his honeymoon voyage with the New York Central. "Your firm doesn't matter," he tells neophyte barge captains, "and your boss doesn't matter, no matter how tough he thinks he is. Half the time, if the truth was known, he doesn't own the barge any more than you do. He just charters it from, say, someone in a small upstairs office on Whitehall Street, who charters it from someone over in Jersey, who had it left to him by a late uncle on his mother's side. Since barges last forever, they pass from one man to another until only God knows how many hungry mouths have been fed by the work they've done. A barge captain has first claim to a barge's affection, and vice versa. The captain's the one who washes her cabin windows, provided they're washed at all, and hoses the dirt from her decks, provided they *do* get hosed."

The barge over which Captain Shippey has presided for the past several years is a sagging, unseaworthy-looking craft with peeling red paint, warped deck, crude iron fittings, and an air of cheerful, unregenerate decay. Though known as a barge, it is, in fact, a covered scow, carrying its cargo on deck rather than in a hold, as true barges do, and protecting its cargo by a shedlike superstructure. On top of the superstructure is the captain's cabin, a room about ten feet wide and eighteen feet long. Shippey has no idea when his barge was built, but he guesses that it must be fifty years old. "A bit past her prime, being a female," he says, "but she still has plenty of appeal." From time to time, Shippey has installed certain refinements in the cabin, which now contains not only a coal stove, a bed, a cracked pitcher-and-basin set, a tin pail, two lockers, stained linoleum on the floor, and a kitchen table but rough

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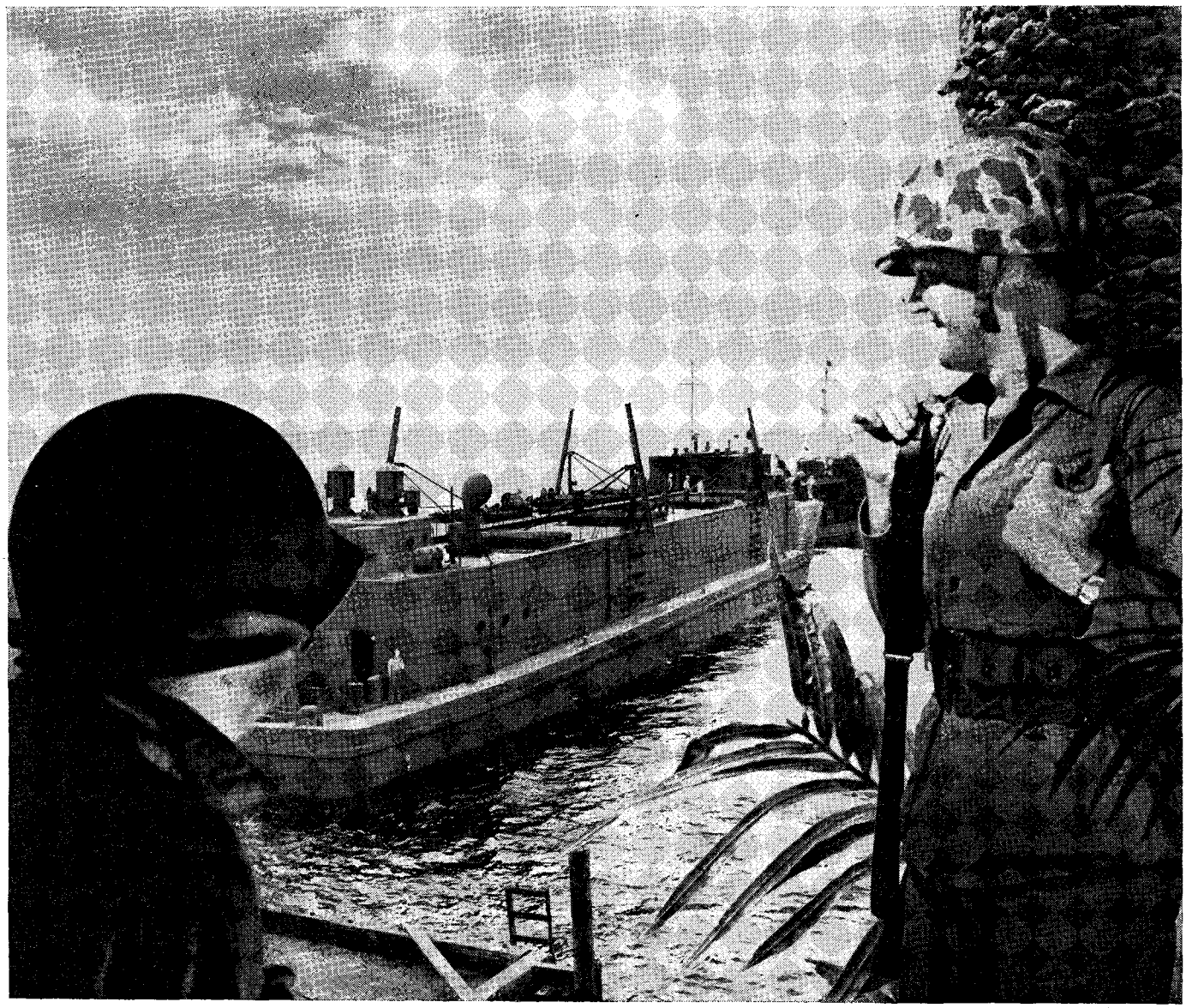

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Hey—it's the ice cream factory!"

There's plenty of excitement in lonely Pacific outposts when the curious craft shown here heaves over the horizon.

It's officially a BRL (Barge, Refrigerated, Large). Built of concrete, 265 feet long, it cost a million dollars. And it's worth every penny of that to lonely American boys who are fed up with alphabet rations, however nutritious.

Each BRL (the Army operates three) is a floating refrigerator and food factory. It carries 1500 tons of frozen meat, 500 tons of fresh vegetables, eggs, cheese and milk. *And a big ice cream freezer.*

The machine can make 500 gallons of ice cream a day—with storage space for 1500 gallons more. Can you imagine a greater tonic to body and spirit than real ice cream served in steaming jungles or on hard-won beachheads? It's a touch of home as well as a valuable food. Many tons of the powdered ice cream mix that makes this possible are furnished by National Dairy.

Meantime, back home, National Dairy Laboratories keep working to bring to soldiers and civilians alike—in newer, better forms—all the health inherent in milk—*nature's most nearly perfect food.*

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

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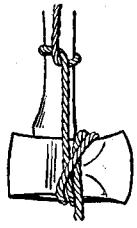
HANDY HITCHES

Boy Scouts and sailors are not the only experts at rope tricks and knots. For all firemen must be handy with hitches, masters of a fixed routine so that a knot tied by one fireman at street level may be easily untied by another in a smoke-filled garret.

Take the Bowline-on-a-bight, as used in the top illustration. A mighty handy hitch when a fireman must descend to a lower level, making a cradle with "stay-put" loops into which he slips his legs.

CLOVE HITCH



ROLLING HITCH

Or consider the clove hitch, that swings axes and other paraphernalia safely skyward, and the rolling hitch that supports a hoseline upward along the side of a burning building.

Your own broker or agent knows that Atlantic may help you solve many "knotty" insurance problems with modern profit-sharing, non-assessable policies that protect homes, business properties, furs, jewelry, yachts and other possessions against fire, damage and theft.

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pine bookshelves, a thirty-five-year-old typewriter, and a rocking chair made more and more comfortable by the gradual disappearance of its cane seat.

Shippey has often dreamed of passing the rest of his life in this or some other cabin, surrounded by the sea (or by enough of the East River to give things a maritime look) and poring over books on ethics and the meaning of meaning. This homely dream, which began partly as a glorifying of the bachelor way of life, has, since his second marriage, three years ago, been enlarged to include his wife and daughter Katrina. "Helen and I fell in love one night under the George Washington Bridge," Shippey says. "I was anchored up there with a load of buckwheat coal and I invited some friends aboard. They brought Helen along to meet me. She was a Brooklyn girl—had never been out of Brooklyn. Had done a little secretarial work in Rockefeller Center. She got a sense of the barge life then and there. We had a mighty pleasant wedding trip aboard the barge, all the way down to Perth Amboy and back, and the only thing Helen has ever complained of missing aboard her is a piano. We can't fit a piano into the cabin without getting rid of the stove or the bed. When the baby was born, I rigged up a cage for her—a wooden platform hanging from the ceiling by ropes and fenced with chicken wire—in which she can sleep and play without ever falling or being shaken up by a tug smacking against our timbers.

"Still, life on a barge is changing as much as life everywhere else. In the old days, a family never left its barge. Children were born on it, grew up on it, married on it, and had their children on it. Nowadays a good many barge captains actually prefer living ashore and working a mere eight-hour day aboard the barge. That means travelling back and forth to work on the subway, like a regular commuter; it means being a clock watcher, a hack, an employee, and it means that your family doesn't get any sense of being aboard ship, of being a seafaring, separate group. I only hope Katrina will like barge life well enough to want to stay aboard all the time. If she does, I may be able to avoid sending her to school for a long while. If a truant officer looks for us in Brooklyn, we'll be over at Staten Island. If one looks for us there, we'll be up at Hoboken. I'll be able to teach her properly, the way *I* should have been taught. Then maybe she'll amount to something, the way I might have amounted to something."

Even such indirect confessions of failure are rare with Shippey, and his friends find them unbecoming. His ambitions, which, though he is approaching sixty, he still cherishes, are much more nearly in character. "Do you know where Helen and I went when we took a vacation from the barge last year?" he asked at a recent party, gesturing with a bottle of Ballantine's and rocking back and forth on his heels. "We went down to St. John's of Annapolis and took a good look at it. We sat in on the seminars, talked to Scott Buchanan and the other tutors, soaked up the atmosphere of the place, the sense of learning, the possibilities of achievement. And when I told Buchanan that I'd like to enroll there as a student someday, he said"—here Shippey's voice, which had been conversational, took on the sustained penetrating power of a foghorn— "he said, 'Why don't you come down here and teach?' Imagine it— a bum like me, a barge captain who's just learning to make use of his powers! I'm not ready for that yet, but when, in a year or two, or in ten years, no matter how long it takes, I *do* feel ready, that's the place I'm going to head for. Wasn't it Socrates who said that his function was to act as a gadfly on the rump of the universe? Well, that's what I aim to be, either at St. John's or aboard my barge—a mean, knowledgeable, cantankerous gadfly on the rump of the U. S. A."

—Brendan Gill

•

RECIPE FOR TODAY

Bologna with Ginger Snap Sauce
Serves 4

½ pound bologna
4 ginger snaps
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup hot water
1 lemon, sliced
Few drops onion juice
½ cup raisins
½ cup nuts (optional)

Cut bologna in 4 thick slices. Crush ginger snaps and add other ingredients for sauce. Cook until smooth. Heat slices of meat in sauce and serve.—*San Diego Journal.*

There's no getting around it, America is already eating well.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Better than Broadway

"OVER 21," as written by Ruth Gordon, was an aimless little comedy, full of girlish high spirits, that amused practically everybody in New York except a stubborn handful consisting of such icy specimens as me and Mr. Burton Rascoe of the *World-Telegram*. With the image of Dorothy Parker firmly fixed in her head, Miss Gordon wrote about a young woman, a brilliant Hollywood scenarist, who accompanied her husband, the editor of a paper apparently not unlike *PM*, to an officers' training camp. He was thirty-nine and the military arts were not easy for him, it being the author's discouraging theory that people just don't retain very well after twenty-one. The story had to do with his desperate efforts to concentrate on such matters as terminal velocity and directional control; his millionaire publisher's determination to get him out of the Army and back at his desk, since, it seemed, he was the greatest editor since Benjamin Franklin; and his wife's tender and witty solution of the whole problem—obviously he had to be a second lieutenant in order to keep in touch with postwar thought, so she volunteered to get out the paper in his absence, having been equipped for just such emergencies by her training in the cinema. The principal trouble with the play was that its leading character, vigorously played by Miss Gordon, was carefully identified as the most spectacular female humorist of her day (a handsome photograph of the late Alexander Woollcott framed in yellow roses linked her with the famous jesters of the Algonquin and Lake Bomoseen), but unfortunately the samples of humor she offered were all based on one joke, the mad, charming inconsequence of the feminine mind. It is a device that once worked brilliantly for George Kaufman and Marc Connelly in "Dulcy," but in "Over 21" it got a little monotonous. There is no one who can murmur "Goodness me" more helplessly than Miss Gordon, and she was assisted by a lot of ingenious mechanical effects—an icebox that roared like doom, a window that opened only when someone jumped up and down on the floor, a maniacal lighting system that had to be operated from the front porch—but the play on the whole was thin and relentlessly cute.

The cinema version that turned up last week seemed, surprisingly, a good deal better. The slight gags have been retained and even improved; the star's part, played this time by Irene Dunne, who has a pleasantly acid touch, has been sharply edited, so that it is rather more than just an exercise in fuzzy personality; and the plot has been rearranged so that the story has much more shape and meaning. "Over 21" is still moderately foolish and fabricated, and a few interpolated sermons on the brotherhood of man sound like the syndicated thought in an out-of-town newspaper, but it is often quite funny, in its cheerful, offhand way, and Alexander Knox and Charles Coburn help out a lot with modest, amiable performances.

I MISSED two exercises in morbid psychology last week, but they were faithfully investigated by a deputy: " 'Halfway House' is a leisurely British import laid in an inn in Wales run by a man who knows when guests are coming even if they don't bother to wire ahead. He is assisted by his daughter, a pretty girl who doesn't cast a shadow even on the sunniest lawn. As a matter of fact, they're both dead. They were killed a year ago and the inn was burned to the ground during an air raid. The guests aren't dead, but they're rather unstrung on their first evening, especially when they find themselves exactly a year back in the past. As the evening wears on, the landlord's daughter says, 'You haven't much time. Last year's air raid will be starting soon.' Naturally, that upsets them, but a bright, logical little girl answers, 'We can't die last year because we've been alive this year.' That clears things up, more or less, and they leave as the inn burns for the second, and presumably the last, time. While this is happening, somebody recites the Twenty-third Psalm. Maybe God. . . . 'Bewitched' is the story of a young schizophrene. She is quite a nice girl most of the time and does her best to subdue her coarser side. She hasn't much luck, though, and after she has run away from home and stabbed her fiancé with a pair of shears, she decides to let justice take its course. A psychiatrist, however, cures her by hypnosis in one easy treatment, and they let her go. A likely story, I must say."

—W. G.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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MICHAEL TODD presents
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Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
REALLY *AIR CONDITIONED*
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
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NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S Thea., Air-Conditioned 43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.
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2nd YEAR
I WANNA GET MARRIED!
GERTRUDE NIESEN IN FOLLOW THE GIRLS
AIR-COND. *Staged by* HARRY DELMAR
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RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' *'Mama's Bank Account'*
with FRANCES HEFLIN
MUSIC BOX, Air-Cond., W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
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Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Joan ROBERTS • Harry STOCKWELL • Romo VINCENT
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WINTER GARDEN B'way and 50th St. | AIR-CONDITIONED
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MORTS POUR LA PATRIE

ON the wall of the Tuileries, where the Rue de Rivoli joins the Place de la Concorde, there are seven small plaques bearing the names of six men and one woman who died there on August 25th a year ago, the day of the liberation of Paris, fighting the Germans entrenched behind the stone walls of the Ministry of Marine. Today Parisians stop for a moment and look reflectively at the names of Georges Bailly, student of pharmacy, Madeleine Brinet, nurse, Guy LeComte, aged twenty-one, and the others, *morts pour la Patrie*, and small wreaths and little pots of flowers decorate the base of the wall where their blood was spilled last summer. "This is the day the war should end," a G.I. of the Twelfth Regiment of the Fourth Division, the first large American unit to enter the city, said on that August 25th. And, looking at the city now, reading the squabbling newspapers, listening to the vague, hurt rhetoric of the politicians along the left bank, seeing the endless, cynical manipulations of the all-embracing black market, hearing the ungenerous mutterings in some quarters against the Americans and the equally unfair mutterings in other quarters against the French, you remember the ripe tide of courage, hope, and gratitude on which we entered the city a year ago and you feel that if history followed any logical or artistic form, the G.I. was completely right as he rolled through the flowers and the wine and the waving girls into the sentimental capital of the world. Recently, as I looked at the plaques on the wall, I felt that the world should return, by an act of will, to its great days. There should not be merely the formal celebration of the anniversary but an attempt by all who were involved to relive the actions, the fears, and the emotions of the ennobling day of triumph.

ON August 25, 1944, I was in a Signal Corps camera unit that was attached to the Twelfth Regiment for the day. The unit was made up of two cameramen, a driver, and myself, all of us privates or pfcs. Our jeep was banked with flowers, the gift of the people of the little towns on our route to Paris, and we had a small store of tomatoes and apples and bottles of wine that had been tossed to us as we slowly made our way through the crowds that tore down the barricades that lay in our path. As we came to a halt in the square before Notre Dame, a boy in the truck ahead of us looked up at the spires and said, wonderingly, "And one month ago I was in Bensonhurst."

German prisoners kept going by in droves, in the custody of grinning F.F.I. men, but aside from receiving a few loud, juicy insults from livelier members of the crowds that seemed to flood every street in Paris and having to submit to hearing the "Marseillaise" sung fifteen times an hour, they were not harmed. Among the prisoners, there were many high-ranking officers of the Paris garrison, in pretty uniforms and trying to walk slowly and appear dignified. They were having a hard time of it. It is much easier to appear dignified when surrendering to soldiers in the presence of other soldiers than in the middle of a city full of voluble, newly liberated citizens, mostly women, who have hated you for four years and who spend half their time kissing your conquerors and the other half devising means of breaking through the ranks and taking a quick swipe at the highest officer in your column.

From the direction of the Opéra came the sudden sound of artillery fire. You got to feel that the sound of guns was quite natural and right out in the country, but it always seemed heavy and ominous and strange in a city, especially one bedecked with flags and whose entire population seemed to be on the streets celebrating. We drove up the right bank of the Seine toward the sound of the firing. The streets suddenly were empty, and somewhere, between one block and another, the

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holiday was ended and the war rebegun.

We stopped our jeep near the Louvre, and, leaving the driver and one cameraman there, the other cameraman—Pfc Philip Drell, of Chicago—and I went on foot toward the Rue de Rivoli. Some tanks of the Second French Armored Division were attacking the Ministry of Marine, at the far end of the Rue de Rivoli, and now and then answering machine-gun fire swept down the long, open, empty boulevard. At each street intersection, hundreds of Parisians stood in little groups behind the protection of the buildings. Occasionally a braver or more curious member of the crowd would dart out for a quick look at the action at the end of the street and come back and report, and one gentleman established himself on the sidewalk behind a very slender lamppost, which he obviously felt afforded him cover, and kept a pair of binoculars trained at the contest, regardless of the bullets that whizzed past him. Several French jeeps sped by and were applauded as they passed each intersection, much the way a favorite pitcher is applauded as he comes in from the bull pen to relieve a faltering teammate in a tight spot at the Polo Grounds.

Hugging the sides of the buildings, Drell and I made our way to a store that had been converted into an F.F.I. first-aid station. There was desultory sniping in the back streets in the neighborhood, and F.F.I. volunteer nurses, carrying bloody litters, kept swooping out onto the bullet-swept Rue de Rivoli to bring back wounded. Dressed in long white smocks, waving large white flags with red crosses on them, running in an awkward, crowded, up-and-down, womanly way, they looked like a group of distracted sea gulls as they rushed back and forth. A wounded German was marched down the street by two cocky F.F.I. boys. The German had been hit in the side, and there was a wide, spreading stain of blood on his uniform and his face was drained and pale, but he somehow made it under his own power to the door of the aid station. A Senegalese, who had been fighting a private war of his own up a back street, came through the crowd with a shattered hand streaming blood, dragging his rifle in his good hand, an abstracted, absent expression on his face as he stared at his wound.

Abruptly one of the tanks that had been firing at the sandbagged Ministry broke off, turned, and raced at top speed, lurching from side to side, its

It takes just fifteen minutes to achieve a prettier face with the marvelous new make-up called

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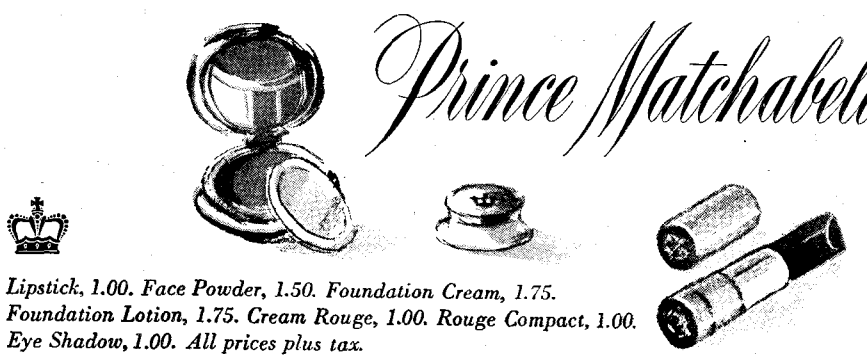

Lipstick, 1.00. Face Powder, 1.50. Foundation Cream, 1.75. Foundation Lotion, 1.75. Cream Rouge, 1.00. Rouge Compact, 1.00. Eye Shadow, 1.00. All prices plus tax.

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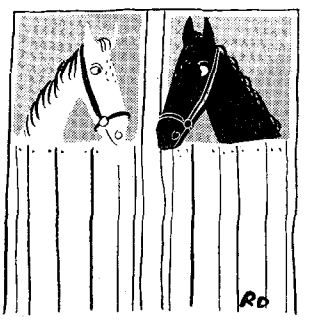
engine roaring, its treads sparking, down toward us. As it approached each intersection, there was the inevitable hearty round of applause, which suddenly stopped dead as soon as the tank had passed. The top of the tank was open and the tank commander was half out of the hatch, his face gaunt and strained, his eyes wildly staring straight ahead. As he passed us, some of the people around us started to applaud. Then they stopped, too. In the rear plating of the tank, there was a large, neat round hole and from the hole a fierce spurt of fire was whipping back. The tank swept crazily down the street and disappeared. I am not sure what happened to it, but the next day a sergeant in command of another tank in the Second French Armored Division told me that one of the tanks in his company had been hit the day before and all five of the crew had been burned to death, and it may have been the one I saw.



THERE were three or four huge columns of smoke staining the sky in the distance, and I told Drell that I thought we ought to move closer and get to a high vantage point from which we could take some pictures. A Frenchman standing in the doorway of the first-aid station overheard me and told us, in English, that he'd take us to a good spot. Crouched over, the three of us darted out across the Rue de Rivoli and went down a side street that was completely empty. "Watch the windows," he warned us. "The snipers keep moving from window to window." We watched the windows, with the old, uncomfortable feeling, which you had in any town where there were still snipers, that buildings are made with a ridiculously extravagant number of windows. The Frenchman offered to carry Drell's carbine, so that he would have both hands free for his camera. "Ah," the Frenchman said, admiringly fondling the weapon as we walked close to the sides of the buildings, "it is very handsome. So *légère*. Could you give it to me?" We explained that we could not donate carbines at random to the civilian population of France, and he sighed regretfully.

A door opened and a small bareheaded man with an F.F.I. armband popped out of a building in front of us. He was carrying a pistol in one hand and a German helmet in the other and he was doing a jerky, hopping little dance. The helmet had a bullet hole in it and it was full of brains and blood. "I got him," he said happily, in French, dancing on the pavement. "I got the last pig in the building. Take my picture." We took his picture, as he jigged up and down excitedly, waving the helmet, and he popped back into the building.

We followed our guide into a little square, along one side of which ran a building with an arcade in front of it. On one of the pillars of the arcade a crude red cross had been painted. We ran into the building and I saw that it was a theatre. As we went up the stairs, I saw, too, that the lobby had been transformed into a crude hospital and that there were about thirty wounded lying in litters and on blankets on the floor. Our guide explained that he was an actor and that he had played here. "This is the Comédie-Française," he said. He stopped on the steps to impress us further. "It is the greatest theatre in France."

"Yes," I said, "I know." Outside the sound of the fighting grew stronger and I pointed up toward the roof to show him I was impatient to get there. He resumed climbing.

"You don't understand," he said. "It plays the classics of French dramatic literature. The greatest plays in the world." He stopped again to make this explanation.

"Yes," I said. "I know. Let's get to the roof."

We climbed some more, past the busts of the great actors and actresses of France that adorn each landing of the stairway. "You don't understand," he said. "This is the most famous theatre in the world." He stopped and lectured me from above. There were several bursts of machine-gun fire about four hundred yards away. "The greatest actors of the modern theatre play here—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," I said, gently trying to push him upward. "I know all about the Comédie-Française. I myself write plays," I said, in an attempt to settle the issue and get to the roof.

"A playwright!" he said, and he beamed with pleasure. "An American playwright! Wonderful!" He shook my hand and started down. "You must come downstairs and meet the artists."

I stopped him. There was a fury of firing outside, as though some new crisis had been reached. "Later," I promised him. "After we take our pictures."

Reluctantly he turned around and led us up to the roof. The roofs of Paris, seen from the top of the Comédie-Française, seemed dangerously bare and quiet. Drell took his pictures with the fussy, lens-adjusting deliberation that is so exasperating in cameramen at moments like that, and we were sniped at once as he finished, the bullet making a nasty, sudden whistle between us. We went down the steps to the floor below, where it was safe. Drell reloaded his camera, and the Frenchman said of the sniper, "It missed by a good deal. Undoubtedly it was a woman." He was the only man I met in the war who could tell the sex of the firer of a gun by the whistle of the bullet as it passed him.

We started down the stairs again and the Frenchman looked in at various offices for artists to whom he wished to introduce me. But all the offices were empty. "Ah, they are all downstairs," he said. "There are a lot of wounded."

We went down to the lobby. There was a smell of antiseptic and a slight smell of ether, and under floodlights in one corner of the large, low room, an operation was taking place. Strong beams of sunlight, with the dust dancing in them, broke into the gloom at several places. Half-naked men were being helped toward the doctors and in a corner lay two bodies wrapped in French flags. Here and there, from one of the men lying on the floor in rows, there came a groan, and the nurses, of whom there were many, trotted busily among them. The nurses, the Frenchman said, were all actresses, most of them from the Comédie-Française company. They were very pretty and dressed in light, soft dresses, and the effect, with the sharp contrasts of the light and shadow, and the white gleam of the wounded bodies, and the piles of bloody bandages and the two dead men in the flags, and the pretty young girls carrying basins and morphine syringes, was that of a painting by Goya for whom the models had been picked by Samuel Goldwyn.

Everybody was very busy and I told our guide that the introductions could wait for another day. A tall, gray-haired man with his sleeves rolled up, who seemed to be in charge, came over and asked, "Are you Americans?"

"Yes," I said.

"Please come with me," he said. He took me by the arm and led me over

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to the corner where the dead were lying. He bent over and pulled back the flags. The dead were in O.D.s and had been recently killed. One of them was a very young blond boy who had been shot through the temple—a small, exact, round wound from which the blood still seeped out onto the stone floor under his thin, handsome, sunburned, healthy-looking face.

"Are they Americans or French?" the gray-haired man asked me.

I looked. Both the dead were wearing the little enamel badge of the French Army (which had not been seen in Paris until that day) over their right breasts. "French," I said.

The gray-haired man put his hand under the blond boy's armpits and half picked him up and shook him very roughly. "You're all right, *mon copain*," he said, almost smiling. "You're all right." He shook him again and again like a man joking roughly with an old friend in a barracks room. "You're all right." He let the dead boy drop to the floor, smacked him vigorously and almost vulgarly on the shoulder, as though he refused to admit the fact of death, and turned away to his work. I stood looking for a moment at the blond boy and the hole in his temple. He had a streak of rouge on his cheek, like all the soldiers in Paris that day, and there was a dark wine stain down the front of his khaki wool shirt.

DRELL and I made our way back toward the Rue de Rivoli. The firing had stopped and we walked down the middle of the street. From all the side streets, thousands of people, seeing us walking unharmed and taking it as a signal of victory, flocked out, applauding, cheering, kissing us, men and women alike, indiscriminately. Of all the hundreds of people who kissed me that day, including, I imagine, some very pretty girls, I remember most clearly a small, fat, middle-aged man—one of the few fat men I saw in Paris—who held me close and kissed me with all the fervor of a husband returned to a loved wife after five years of war.

The smell of perfume from the crowd, now so closely packed in the street down which fifteen minutes before the doomed tank had wavered, was overpoweringly strong, and the variety of rich, sweet odors, as kiss followed kiss, was dazzling and unreal to a soldier who had been living in the field, in mud and dust, for two months. One slender, sharp-eyed woman came up to me and touched my shoulder affectionately but appraisingly, like the man

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Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
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A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

who guesses your weight at Coney Island. "Ah," she said, smiling pleasantly and without envy, satisfied now by touch as well as by sight that I was really as large as I looked, "ah, you have eaten well."

The driver and the other cameraman were waiting with the jeep. They looked very neat and clean, and their hair had been combed. "What happened to you?" I asked. "An old lady came out of one of the buildings," the driver said, "and looked at us and said, 'You're awfully dirty,' and went in and came back with a basin and pitcher of water and a cake of soap and a towel and made us wash ourselves. Then she went away."

We drove slowly through the swarming crowds, over broken glass, past still-burning German tanks of the recent battlefield, to the Place de la Concorde, now filling with people. A thin, fair little woman and her husband came over to me. The woman said she was American, born in Syracuse. Her husband was French and she had been in Paris throughout the occupation. Her eyes were shining and she and her husband kept smiling widely, no matter what the conversation was about. "You're the first American soldier I've seen," she said, and started to lean over to kiss my cheek. Then she checked herself and turned to her husband. "May I kiss him?" she asked, a little doubtfully. "Certainly," the husband said gravely. She kissed me on both cheeks.

Suddenly, in the little grove of trees at the end of the Place de la Concorde near the bridge across the Seine, we saw the puffs of explosions, small mortar shells bursting at regular intervals. The great square emptied quickly, except for the inevitable F.F.I. Red Cross workers, who ran, swooping, toward the trees. Some French tanks took up positions along the river, and one of them, at the approach to the bridge that leads directly to the steps of the Chambre des Députés, on the left bank, began to fire sporadically into the huge, pillared building. Some F.F.I. riflemen appeared and took cover behind the balustrade along the river and added their fire to that of the tank. A rickety old truck, with an open wooden body filled with F.F.I. men who had mounted a thirty-calibre machine gun in makeshift fashion, drove furiously to one side of the square and stopped under a slender little tree, which, I suppose, the driver hopefully imagined concealed them completely. All the F.F.I. men except the machine gunner dropped off and hid behind the monuments with which the Place de la Concorde had been thoughtfully provided. The gunner stood up at his weapon and let loose a fierce, uninterrupted stream of bullets across the river at the august side of the Chambre des Députés. The calmer heads among his comrades recognized the wastefulness of this one-man barrage against thick stone walls and began to group around him, remonstrating. He kept firing with one hand and waving them away with the other, arguing bitterly, until three of them jumped onto the truck, dragged him off, and installed a more conservative machine gunner.

A jeep drove slowly up to the tank, which was still firing, and a young French lieutenant got out and stood, motionless and arrogantly exposed, next to it, directing its fire. It was quite brave, because the mortar fire was dropping unpredictably; he was the sort of lieutenant any soldier crouched behind cover remembers and hates. A nondescript collection of people had taken shelter behind the great stone block at the approach to the bridge, including four or five unarmed members of the F.F.I. and a young girl in a white dress who was holding a bicycle. Off to the right, on our bank of the Seine, a pretty little yacht, which Renoir might have used as a model for his river-outing paintings, burned brightly. A German prisoner was brought up and placed, with a large white flag, on the tank. A French officer took up a position ahead of the tank, and Drell left me to join him. The tank started across the bridge, with the prisoner waving the flag frantically and the officer and Drell walking ahead of it, to demand the surrender of the Germans in the Chambre des Députés. The mortar shells started up again, first hitting in the river, then finding the bridge, finally breaking off a lamppost and wounding several people five yards from the protecting stone block. The officer pulled the German prisoner off the tank and he and the officer and Drell ran across the

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bridge to the other side, while the tank moved back. The three of them stood there in front of the Chambre des Députés, the prisoner monotonously waving his flag while the mortar fire continued for another ten minutes, roaming along the bridge. Then I saw Drell and the Frenchman run up the steps of the Chambre des Députés and disappear into it. I moved about fifty yards downstream, to where an F.F.I. man was firing his rifle six times a minute at the unresponding official architecture on the other side of the river. A French tank was in position there, its gun trained on the Chambre but not firing. The hatch was open, and a tough, curly-haired French tankman was standing up in it, completely exposed, staring at himself in a small pocket mirror. He noticed me eying him from down below. He shrugged. "*C'est bizarre, n'est-ce pas?*" he said, and turned back to admiring himself in the mirror.

Every once in a while a bullet passed over our heads, but an old sedan loaded with F.F.I. men was able to dash unmolested across the bridge and I followed on foot. When I got to the Chambre des Députés, I found that the three or four hundred Germans there had just surrendered. Drell and the French officer had become separated, and the Germans had tried to surrender to Drell, who was unarmed but American. Drell insisted that he couldn't accept the surrender, and got the Germans to agree to let him take pictures of them surrendering to the French. Negotiations were carried out, on Drell's part in Yiddish, the nearest thing to a common tongue he and the Germans could find.

After the surrender, the Germans drew up in ranks in the courtyard, their arms stacked at one side. (They had left a shambles inside the handsome rooms —a deep litter of sardine tins, used cartridges, biscuit boxes, and empty champagne bottles all over the regal red plush.) A lot of correspondents and photographers had arrived, and the scramble for souvenirs was lively. Suddenly we heard the sound of a shell approaching, the sickening, unmistakable whistle of a shell that is going to land right near you. We all hit the gravel, face down, trying in the awful, traditional way to burrow into the earth even one quarter of an inch before the explosion found us. The noise of the approaching shell grew louder and louder, keeping up for an interminably long time, longer than any artillery sound I had ever heard before. I lay there with the certainty that this was the one that was going to

LISTEN: AUGUST 25, 1945

Through the courtesy of the American armies, *Radio Munich* is now *Radio Thunderbird*—"The Voice of the 45th Division in Munich." The station's personnel—the managing director, the chief engineer and the two announcers—is made up of former CBS men accustomed to providing the best in radio entertainment and information. The air over Munich is now cleared of lies.

★

The cross-country frogs of Windham, the punkinhead horseman of Upper Tarrytown, the solid silver doorknobs of the Washoe—thousands of bright fragments like these make up the real legend of our country. Milton Bacon collects them. Twenty minutes after he hits a town, he'll find some yarn most local folks never suspected. And then he tells it on his CBS program *Time to Remember* Mondays through Fridays at 3 p.m. EWT.

He told about the monument Bardstown, Ky., put up to John Fitch, steamboat inventor. The next Sunday a thousand tourists from Cincinnati turned up to have a look at it.

When Bacon recalled on the air how the James boys robbed a bank and gave back the money, a Pinkerton executive who had been collecting James legends for 50 years wrote to say he'd missed that one.

The story of the black dog of Meriden brought Bacon invitations to lecture to nine Connecticut historical societies.

He probably knows something you don't about your town. And if you know one he doesn't, write it to him at CBS.

★

The editors of *Musical America* polled the music editors of America on the best musical radio programs and artists. The music editors awarded CBS 3 first places and 1 tie in 13 classifications.

Then the editors of *Musical America* polled their own readers, that is, the mass of discriminating music lovers. The readers not only confirmed the editor's choice *but expanded it.* They awarded CBS 7 first places and 1 tie in the same 13 classifications.

The 7 CBS first place winners were:

1. Outstanding Symphony Orchestra —*N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony*, Sundays at 3 p.m. EWT.

2. Outstanding Musical Variety Program—*Texaco Star Theatre*, Sundays at 9:30 p.m. EWT.

3. Outstanding Woman Singer—Patrice Munsel with the *Family Hour*, Sundays at 5 p.m. EWT.

4. Outstanding Man Singer—Nelson Eddy with the *Electric Hour*, Sundays at 4:30 p.m. EWT.

5. Outstanding Small Ensemble—the *Stradivari Orchestra*, Sundays at 2 p.m. EWT.

6. Outstanding Instrumentalist—Alec Templeton.

7. Outstanding Program of Educational Character—*Gateways to Music* in the *American School of the Air* series (to resume in October).

★

Harvard awards its Nieman Fellowships in Journalism to professional, accredited and extremely competent news people. They provide for a year's study at the university.

In 1943 Leigh White, former CBS foreign correspondent, was the first radio reporter to win one.

The second has just been chosen. The first to come from the news staff of an individual radio station, Richard Stockwell, associate news editor of WCCO (CBS in Minneapolis-St. Paul), has an M.A. in economics from the University of Minnesota, taught there, worked on Minneapolis newspapers, has been a radio farm editor and worked on a number of midwestern radio news staffs besides WCCO's. He's a logical candidate to fulfill the purpose of the fellowship: "To promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the U.S...."

★

In the morning Bill Blankenship is an announcer on *Wake Up Time*, a local program on WRVA, the CBS affiliate in Richmond, Va. At night he's a paid ambulance driver. A few weeks ago a bus plunged into a rain-swollen creek near Richmond. Blankenship in his ambulance was the second person to arrive on the scene. He brought 13 passengers to the hospital and then drove to the radio station and broke the news.

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alternating at Supper
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land directly on the exposed back of my neck. Then the noise suddenly stopped. There was no explosion. After a moment, I looked up. All the French and all the Americans were on the ground, fingers and faces deep in the gravel, and all the prisoners were standing absolutely erect, laughing. Every outfit in every army has a mimic who can produce the most deadly, realistic whistle of an approaching shell through his teeth. The captured Germans were no exception, and the comedian had just put on the most successful performance of his career. Drell and I got up sheepishly, dusted ourselves off, collected our loot—Lugers, belts, cameras, and a bicycle—and made our way back to our jeep, where the other cameraman, a very handsome twenty-year-old boy with a deep South Carolina accent, was happily jotting down the addresses of three or four dozen girls who were grouped around the jeep.

WE drove off, with a cluster of girls hanging onto the jeep, and found the Hôtel Scribe, where we had been told to report with our film. Outside the hotel, inundating the Army vehicles there, were hundreds of Parisians, singing, shaking hands, asking questions, examining jeeps and guns, extending invitations, weeping, kissing the soldiers, kissing the correspondents, kissing each other.

As we were unloading our jeep, a Frenchman came up to me and shook my hand. He was dressed with painful neatness in old, threadbare clothes and he seemed more shaken than exhilarated by the events of the day.

"How long does it take a letter to get to the United States?" he asked me in heavily accented English.

"About ten days," I said.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"New York," I told him.

"I have a sister in Brooklyn," he said. "I have not seen her for nine years. She has not heard from me in four years." He looked around nervously, leaned over, and spoke in a whisper. "I am a Jew. I wonder if it is possible for you to write her for me through your mails."

"Certainly," I said, and I wrote down the address of his sister in Brooklyn. "Now," I said, "what do you want to tell her?"

He looked at me a little dazedly, as though stunned and frightened by the magnitude of the opportunity being presented to him. He stared around him at the celebrating girls and wrinkled his brow, concentrating intensely. "Tell her," he said, "tell her I'm alive." He shook my hand and went off.

Drell and I went into the hotel and grandly registered for two large rooms, knowing that the day of the pfc in Paris would be short and determined to make the most of it. There was no hot water, but I luxuriated in the bath, nevertheless, listening to the voice of the crowd down below, an endless swelling mixture of cheers, song, and high, feminine laughter. As I lay there, washed of the grit and heat of the long day, listening to the celebrating crowd on the streets below, it was possible to feel that a new age of courage, gallantry, and gratitude was beginning in Europe.

—IRWIN SHAW

•

During the months when our meter reader does not read your meter, or when our meter reader is unable to obtain a reading of your meter . . .—*Message on the back of an electric-light bill.*

We'll get Peter Piper to take a look at it.

•

ROSCOMMON, MICH.,—Michigan's Conservation Training School at nearby Higgins Lake disclosed today that it is in possession of one of the few true albino fawns in captivity. Russell J. Martin, director of the school, posed with his wife, first ever to be captured in Michigan.

—*The News.*

Much of a struggle?

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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Dear Friend:

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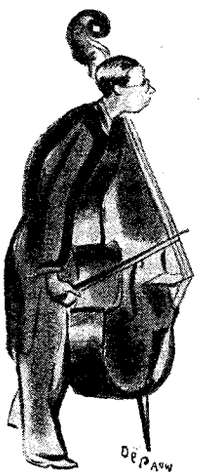
MUSICAL EVENTS

Something to Curl Up With

THE summer concerts are over and the fall season at Carnegie Hall and points slightly south hasn't begun, so this looks like a good time to harvest the latest crop of books on music and musicians. Probably you've heard a good deal about "Enrico Caruso: His Life and Death" (Simon & Schuster), written by Dorothy Caruso, his widow. This rather brief volume has the makings of half a dozen longer books—a touching love story, a tragedy, a fantastic comedy, a study of a singer's career, a guide to Caruso phonograph recordings, and a biography of an artist who really knew his business. Caruso's letters, written in an appealing, homemade English (both construction and spelling), could be the nucleus of still another book. I'm tempted to quote extensively from the delightful and revealing letters that appear in Mrs. Caruso's monograph, but I'll content myself with simply noting one of Caruso's verbs, one that is so handy and natural that I think it might be put to general use. The verb is "emotionate," as in "I am emotionated for the good news of my sweet little family." I might add that I was emotionated by many pages of Mrs. Caruso's fascinating narrative.



ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER, with whose biographies of Beethoven and Brahms you may be familiar, has turned his attention to Robert Schumann in "Florestan" (Holt), a book whose title is one of the nicknames Schumann gave himself. The reader who doesn't care for the technicalities of music will find this an interesting study of the psychology of a creative genius whose mind suffered a tragical breakdown. He will also discover, in this account of the composer's wife, Clara, the story of an astonishing woman. Mr. Schauffler suggests, in his preface, that his picture of Clara may disturb those who think of her as "the Madonna of Music," but she still comes through a tremendously gifted and plucky individual. The discussions of Schumann's music are excellent musical conversation. You may not agree with all of the conclusions, such as the argument that song should "be rated as on a lower artistic plane than instrumental music," but I think that you'll enjoy the author's comfortable way of talking over Schumann's works with you.

READERS of the late Sir Donald Francis Tovey's volumes of musical analysis will welcome the publication of two new books by him—"Essays in Musical Analysis: Chamber Music" and "Musical Articles from the Encyclopædia Britannica," whose contents are just what the titles imply they are. Both are put out by the Oxford University Press. Scholarly but far from academic, they are valuable not only as reference works but as shrewd and readable estimates of many musical matters.

"THE MUSICAL SCENE" (Knopf) puts into book form a number of critical articles by Virgil Thomson, whose reviews appear in the *Herald Tribune*. There is plenty of entertainment in Mr. Thomson's criticisms, but basically they represent the philosophy of a serious and practical musician. I'd like to especially recommend Mr. Thomson's thoughts on modern music, for they provide a helpful approach to compositions that often puzzle or bewilder the casual listener. Every reader is sure to find, among all these pieces (or perhaps I should call them special essays), ones on which he'd like to talk back to the critic, but I don't think that there is any harm in that.

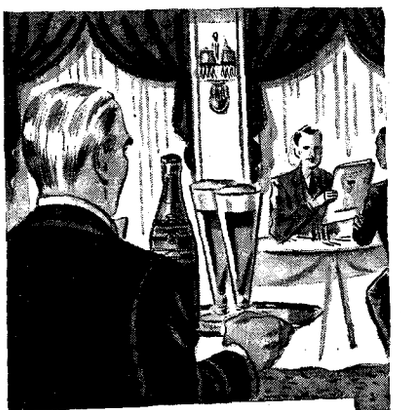
IF you like to stump the experts, try them on some of the quizzes in Ted Cott's "Victor Book of Musical Fun" (Simon & Schuster). The considerate Mr. Cott appends the answers, so you can start in the expert business for yourself. . . . For singing around the piano, there's a new edition of a classic on American popular music—Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'Em and Weep" (Arco).

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

HARBINGER OF VICTORY—Doris Kanter, of the Virginian-Pilot news staff, grew in the shape of a "V" in the Victory Garden of Mrs. Louretta Pappas, 1806 Farragut Avenue, Gowrie Park.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Well, maybe exercises could correct it.



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IT ISN'T THE MONEY I MIND

IT was a sunny afternoon and the Park was nearly full. Old men and women sat on the benches; mothers sat idly beside baby carriages or watched children run shrieking over the grass. There were a lot of dogs walking up and down the paths on leashes or lying next to the benches. Except for the children, there was little conversation and not much noise.

A man came into the Park from one of the side entrances. He stopped just inside the entrance to pat a dog on the head and speak to the owner, and then walked on slowly, looking for a place to sit down. He was middle-aged, partly bald, and, judging by his clothes, not very well off. As he walked he watched the people in the Park with a bright interest, stopping to listen to an argument between a mother and child, and later to pick up a ball for a group of older boys. One of them said, "Throw it back here, Mister," and held out his hands. The man threw the ball clumsily and it bounced twice before the boy scooped it up. The boy said, "Thanks," and turned and threw it easily far across the grass to another boy. The man watched for a minute and then walked on. Finally he stopped in front of a bench with an empty place at one end. Next to it sat a woman with a baby carriage. "May I sit here?" he asked. She looked up and said, "It's not taken," and the man sat down. He sighed and sat still for a minute before reaching into his pocket for a cigarette.

The woman looked at him irritably and then turned away. A baby was lying in the carriage on its stomach, asleep, wearing only a diaper. The baby's back was brown, except for a sharp white edge where the diaper began. The woman was tirelessly rocking the carriage back and forth.

"Will the smoke bother the baby?" the man asked.

"I just got her to sleep," the woman said. "Just about anything wakes her."

The man leaned over and dropped the cigarette onto the ground and put his foot on it. "She looks like a fine, healthy baby," he said.

The woman smiled. "She's only six months old," she said, "and never even had a cold."

"A fine baby," the man said. "You see so many around here looking pale and white."

"They're not healthy," the woman said. "Some of the children in this park are really unhealthy."

"It's hard for children in the city."

"Their mothers should keep them out of the Park if they have things other children can catch," the woman said.

While he was talking, the man had been fingering his billfold, riffling through the papers in it absent-mindedly. Now he pulled one out—a magazine clipping. "Want to see my little girl?" he asked.

The woman reached out with the hand that was not rocking the carriage. "Of course," she said. "I could tell from the way you talked that you had one of your own."

The clipping was of a little blond girl of about six, with a pretty, adult face and a lot of makeup. "She's lovely," the woman said. "She has such a sweet face."

"She's a nice kid," the man said. He hesitated. "Know who she is?" he asked finally.

The woman shook her head.

"Her name's Angela Foster, now."

"Of course," the woman said. "In the movies!"

"That's right." The man took the clipping and looked at it fondly. "It used to be Martin—that's my name. Her mother changed it. Angela Martin's not good for the movies," he said.

"What a lucky little girl!" the woman said, reaching over to adjust the hood of the carriage. "In the movies!"

"She'll be a second Shirley Temple someday," the man said. "She's got talent—everything."

"You must be very proud of her."

"I'll tell you," the man began carefully, "I'm proud of her, of course. And it isn't the money I mind, either. She's making plenty right now and I don't grudge it to her. But it's like this. Before her mother took her out to Hollywood, I was always kicking about the dancing lessons and the singing lessons and the costumes and the late nights when her dancing class gave a recital. And now I know I just didn't have sense enough to see the baby had talent."

"It's hard to tell," the woman said. "All children have a natural sense of rhythm. Even at six months—"

"It isn't the money I mind," the man said again. "I don't think a six-year-old girl *should* have to support her father."

"Well, there's a lot of luck connected with it," the woman said.

"I saw this article about her in a movie magazine," the man went on. "It said she was five years old, but she must be six now. And she's already getting fan mail."

"Really?" the woman said.

"I thought of writing to her and asking for a picture," the man said. "Her own father."

"I'm sure you'll be very proud of her," the woman said. He reached into his pocket again for his cigarettes, and she frowned and shook her head. The man rose.

"I'll just finish my walk while I smoke this," he said. He smiled at the woman and leaned over the carriage for a minute. "Such a pretty baby," he said. He bowed slightly to the woman and went rapidly down the path.

WHEN the man got around the next turn, he began to walk more slowly. A little boy just learning to walk staggered out from a bench and grabbed him by the leg. The man said, "Where you going, Champ?," turned the little boy around, and started him back to his mother. The man stopped for a minute to watch a checker game and then went on again, only to stop a minute later and help a little girl of about two push her stroller around a difficult turn. The man called her "honey." Her mother, who was standing nearby, thanked him and he said, "Lovely little girl." The mother smiled and went on, pulling the little girl and talking to her as she went.

The broad circle the man had been making had by now taken him back in the direction he had come from. As he passed the group of boys playing ball, he saw the ball strike a tree and bounce in his direction. He scooped it up awkwardly and, holding it in his hand, walked over to the boys. They were waiting impatiently for the ball, and as he stepped across a low railing and handed the ball to the nearest, he smiled apologetically and said, "Don't have the muscle I used to."

"Thanks," the boy said. He threw the ball and the boys began to scatter. One of them caught the ball and threw it to another. The man said, "Bud," and the nearest boy turned around. The man, taking out his billfold, said, "Know who this is?" He pulled forth

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a newspaper clipping and held it out to the boy.

The boy glanced over his shoulder at his friends and then went over to the man. "Sure," he said, looking at the clipping, but without making any attempt to hold it. "Nicky Lopez. The middleweight challenger."

A couple of the boys nearby had also turned when the man called and now they came slowly over. "Nicky Lopez," one of them said. "Let's see Nicky Lopez." The man handed him the clipping and he looked at it and said professionally, "There's a guy that can fight."

"He's pretty good," another of the boys said, taking the clipping in turn.

"I used to manage Nicky," the man said, watching the boys' heads turn slowly toward him. "Yeah," he said reminiscently, "I used to manage Nicky, until the syndicate got him away from me." He looked around at the boys and then went on, "It isn't the money I mind, you understand, but I sure hated to lose that boy."

—Shirley Jackson

•

SONG FOR SONS IN SERVICE

(to be sung by old Irishmen in Erin cafés and Shamrock bar-and-grills)

Drink him down the streets of Dover,
Drink him up the streets of Rome,
Drink him back in brown October,
Drink him home, drink him home.

Drink him fleet in fair and fury,
Drink him sturdy on the loam,
Drink him back in Irish hurry,
Drink him home, drink him home.

Drink him trophies great and many,
Drink him high in Valor's dome,
Drink him back in ceremony,
Drink him home, drink him home.

—William Concagh

•

"At the beginning of last year, we had an overdraft in the bank of $125,000," said Mr. McNeill. "There's no such thing today. It's all cleared out, and the surplus for the year was more than $100,000. . . ."

"That's nearly a miracle," came a comment from the floor as with applause the assembly carried a vote of thanks to Mr. McNeill for his services. "We give thanks to our treasurer and to Almighty God that our deficit has been removed at last."

—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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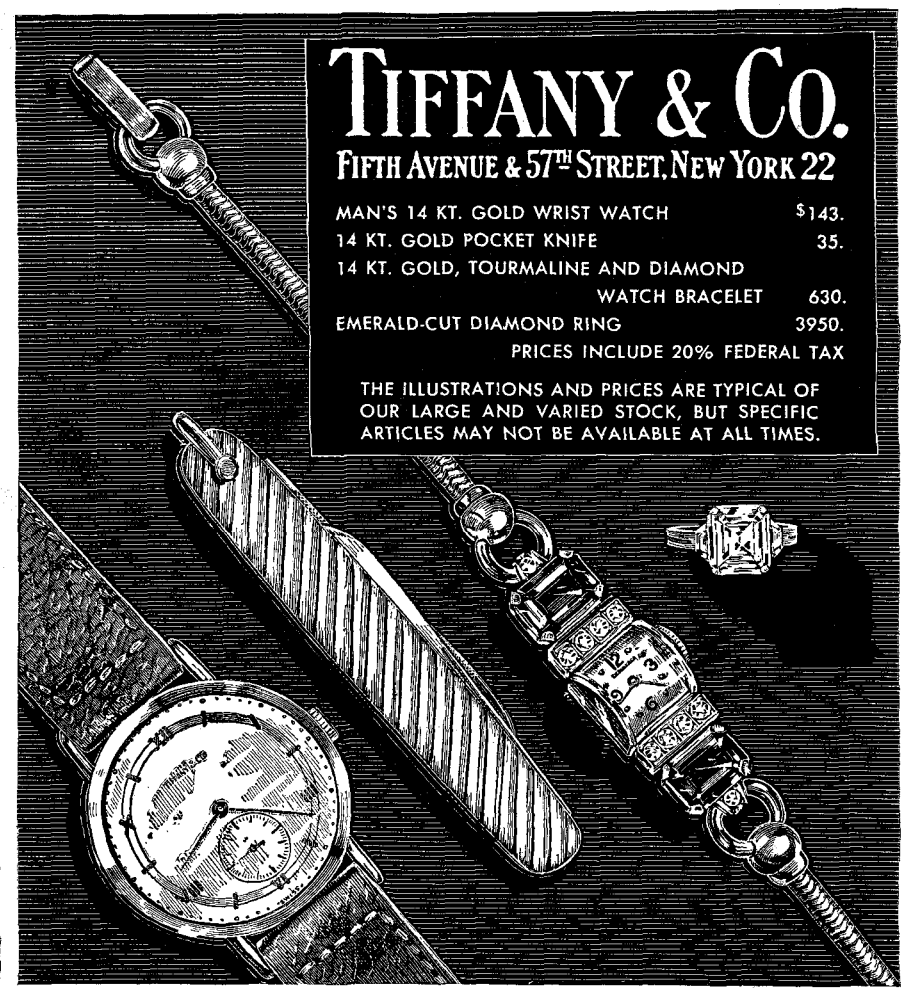
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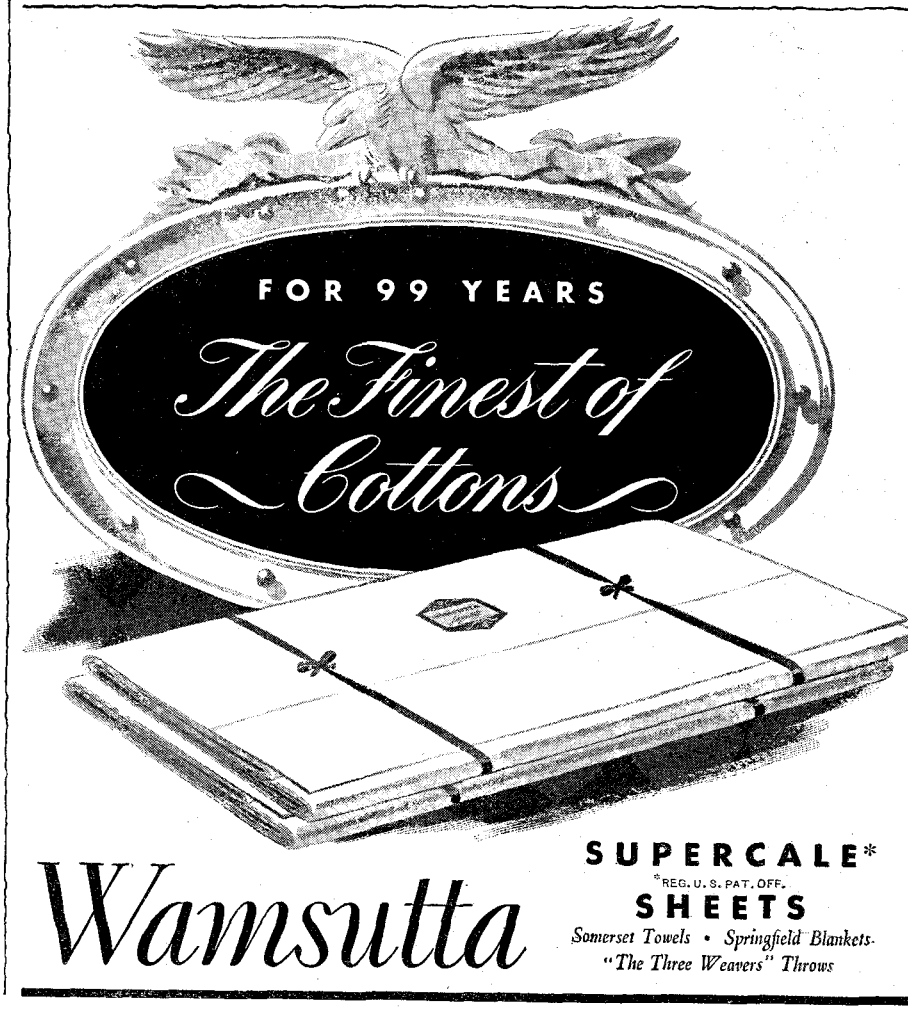

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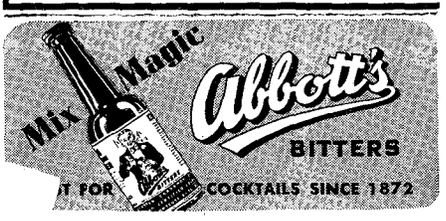

THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

I AM not one of those people who can't see the races for the tote, but it does seem that the crowds and the betting at Belmont last week put the racing in the shade. The peak of the double holiday was Thursday, when 57,266 customers bet $4,304,616. A cashier at one of the $100 windows counted out $400,000 to winning ticket holders that afternoon, an endurance feat which he regards as a record. The total pari-mutuel handle for the week's three big days—Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday—was $12,175,686. The last time I saw Saratoga, in 1942, the turnover for the thirty days was $12,247,256.

FOR years you could count on a thumb the stakes races at a mile and a quarter that were run during an entire Belmont meeting. Last week there were three, two of which left some horseplayers a little dazed. In the Whitney Stakes, on Wednesday, they expected to see a duel between Pavot and Stymie, so they were astonished to see Trymenow taking the lead instead of his stablemate Pavot, who can outrun for a short distance almost anything in training and usually insists on wearing himself out doing it. However, Walter Jeffords, who owns Pavot and Trymenow, had planned things that way. Trymenow did his job all right, keeping the lead even though he was deliberately running slowly, but when Pavot started to speed up, he just wasn't able to go to the front, as he was supposed to. So Trymenow galloped gaily on in front to the end. At any rate, Jeffords' strategy upset Stymie, who likes to come on in the stretch after something else has burnt out all the other horses by setting a fast early pace. He finished third, lengths behind Pavot.

Hirsch Jacobs took no chances on not having enough pacemakers for Stymie in the Saratoga Handicap three days later; he started Bright Gallant as well as his old standby, Haile. Well, all three finished out of the money, which was a distressing situation for the show players, if that bothers you. It is barely possible, as I may have mentioned before, that Stymie, who carried 126 pounds, isn't quite good enough to win under high weights. Perhaps you noticed how Olympic Zenith, who won the race, slammed his way through the field at the stretch turn. I thought that McCreary, who rode him, was lucky to escape a bad fall. Olympic Zenith is another of those animals with whims. He enjoys running close to the rail, even though other horses may be using that part of the track.

The Alabama Stakes, on Thursday, the other event at a mile and a quarter, which was won by Sicily, was only mildly interesting. In fact, I fancy that the most exciting moment of the whole business for Harry La Montagne, who owns the winner, was when he had to climb the enclosure fence over the heads of the crowd to receive the Alabama Cup.

THERE really isn't much to say about the Saratoga Special last Saturday except that Mist o' Gold, who won it, was the best colt in the race. Although he has some sort of leg trouble, he has won two other stakes and has been out of the money only once in nine starts. My two-year-old of the week, however, was Oryx, who skipped nimbly down the Widener Course one afternoon far ahead of twenty-five youngsters. He is a half brother to Pommaya and Dare Me. Mrs. Dodge Sloane, who owns him, says he's her favorite horse. I must say, though, that Mrs. George Widener's Outotheblue, one of the also-rans behind Oryx, is the handsomest colt I've seen this season. Another I liked was Walter Jeffords' Lovat, a half brother of Pavot. Lovat is a chestnut, and already bigger than Pavot.

COLONEL MARTINGALE thinks that jumping-race jockeys must be eating well these days. Seven out of twelve in a hurdle race the other afternoon were overweight. The lightest rider weighed out at 132.—AUDAX MINOR

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a speech by Representative Lyle H. Boren in the House.*]

In other words the eighteen billion dollar industry could be sold to the public at one hundred percent write-up, more or less, or from thirty-three to forty-one billion dollars. Of course, I do not contend that the public would be milked quite that dry. The bankers would have to sweeten these deals with enough sugar to attract public interest. But if they cut the gravy evenly, they would reap many millions.

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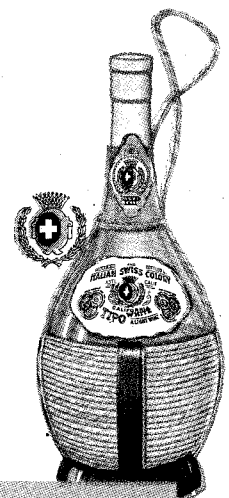

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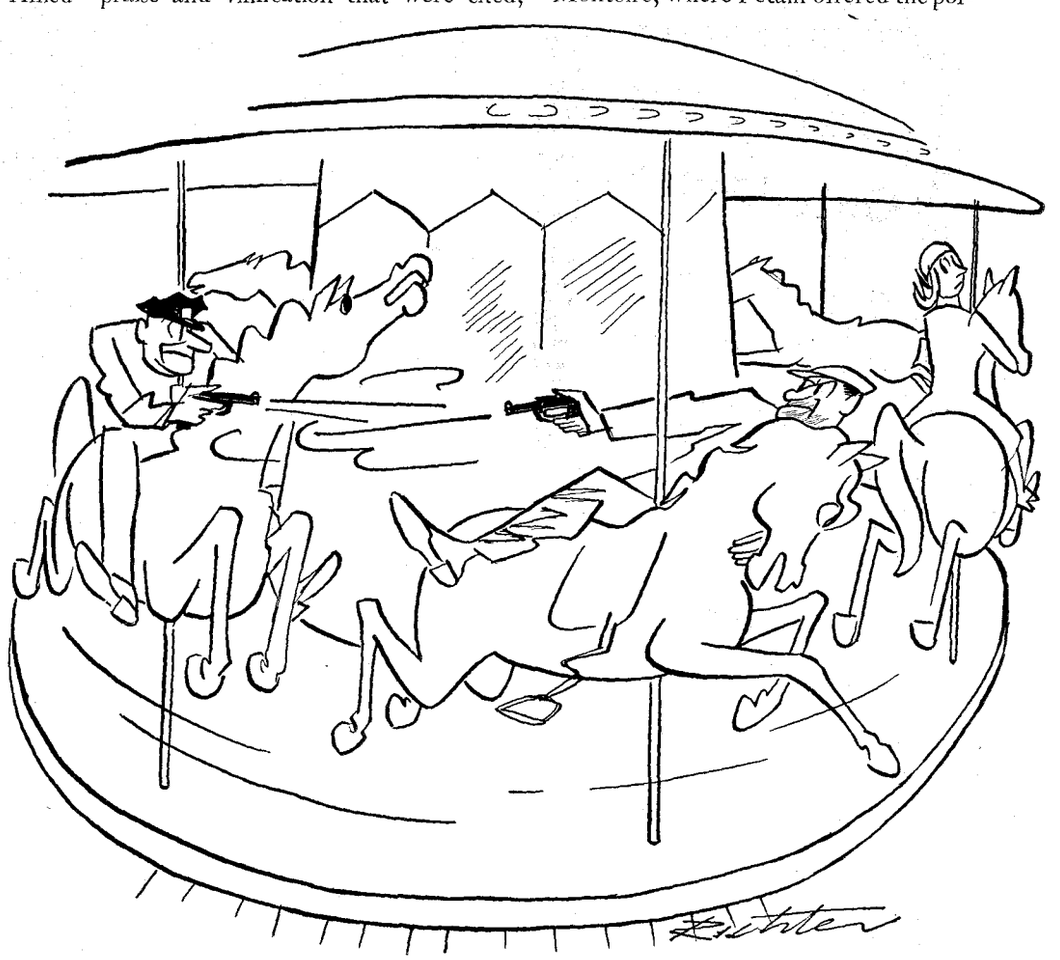
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 17 (BY WIRELESS)

TO those in Paris who were still awake and waiting to hear, the official news of the peace with Japan came by radio from the U. S. A. at precisely seven minutes to one on Wednesday morning. The thousands of American soldiers who that afternoon had already been celebrating their freedom from more war had disappeared, leaving sidewalks cluttered only with trampled newspapers and noisy only with the downpour of sudden rain. As with the V-E announcements in May, there were cautious confusions about V-J for everyone except the G.I.—was it really true, who said so, where and when and at what exact hour of the clock and on which official day? The Paris Communist *Humanité* did not announce the second World War's end until Thursday, after receiving an O.K. from Moscow. It was Friday before the ultra-conservative *Monde* ran its sedate headline "*La Cessation des Hostilités.*" The French people regarded the Pacific peace news more as a foreign event than as the finale to a part of history whose beginning they had been in on nearly six years before. No Allied flags were run up either on the Arc de Triomphe or on the Place de la Concorde. After all, the Pacific had long since ceased to be Europe's war. However, General de Gaulle sent a dignified V-J message from "the mother country to its *enfants* of the Indo-Chinese Union" which made clear that it was still a French colony.

To the occupied Europeans in general, the war had already ended piecemeal in their various liberations, whenever and wherever they happened, amid delirious rejoicing, and in Paris even V-E Day was an anti-climax of joy. To Parisians, August 25, 1944, is still the greatest, happiest day of their lives. It was the day the liberty-bringing Americans arrived and were hailed and beloved. The twelve months that have passed since have been less happy. Paris is preparing to celebrate this coming August 25th, and memories, hopes, and dates have already been refreshed in the south of France, where part of the liberation push began. The Riviera port towns of Saint-Tropez and Saint-Raphaël have already celebrated the first anniversary of their earlier day of freedom, August 16th. Only this year have the F. F. I. resistance fighters of Saint-Tropez made public the code phrase that announced to them last summer the coming invasion—"*Nancy a le torticolis*" (Nancy has a stiff neck). On such a strange, almost sickly signal, our American Sixth Army Corps, its thousand wings spread, flew in at dawn to help liberate France.

THE Pétain trial ended the day after the end of that World War in which Vichy had played its paltry part. The B.B.C., in London, erroneously reported riots before the Palais de Justice. Actually, Paris was calm while waiting for the verdict and deeply satisfied when it came. The French people felt that out of the lengthy legal complexities which for twenty-one days had stretched justice almost to the breaking point, out of the parade of over-important political witnesses and too obscure generals, out of all the documents read aloud and the phrases of praise and vilification that were cited, out of all that issued from the mouths of the old Marshal's defenders and his prosecutor, it was what Marshal Pétain himself had said or written during his period of power at Vichy, and the kind of justice he had established there, that in court condemned him. It is certain that never before has an illustrious and complex old figure on whom so many millions of words have been spent been condemned on so few, and all those his own. In Prosecutor Mornet's *réquisitoire*, on the eighteenth day of the trial, there were a half dozen outstanding determinants against Pétain, among them a batch of excerpts from his radio pronunciamentos in the early Vichy days: "All our miseries have come from the Republic. . . . The responsibility for our defeat lies with the democratic political regime of France. . . . A strong state is what we wish to erect upon the ruins of the old, which fell more under the weight of its own errors than under the blows of the enemy. . . . You have only one France, which I incarnate." His letters to Hitler, only recently made known and therefore especially shocking to the public, told even more terribly against him. On the anniversary of his only meeting with the Führer, at Montoire, where Pétain offered the pol-



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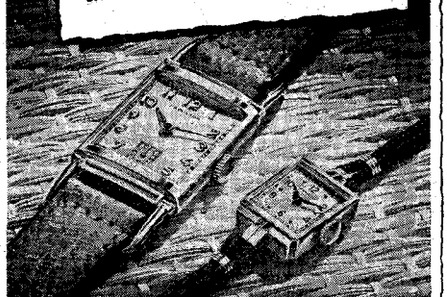

WAIT FOR HAMILTON
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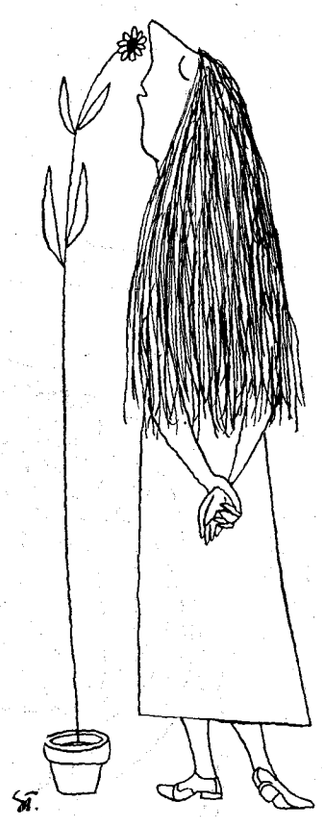
icy of collaboration, he solemnly wrote Hitler, "France preserves the memory of your noble gesture." And after the tragic British failure in the Dieppe Commando raid, he wrote Hitler, "I thank you for having cleansed French soil." Later, under Nazi pressure for greater conformance to the anti-Jewish laws, the Marshal fell so low as to write von Ribbentrop, "In future, all modifications of our laws will be submitted to your approbation." As the prosecution brought out—and this was the only moment during the trial when the Marshal's face looked like a marble mask of shame—a hundred and twenty thousand Jews were thereafter deported from France and only fifteen hundred lived to return.

On the nineteenth day, the defense's supposed trump card was played and came to nothing. The trump card was the theory of the Marshal's *double jeu*—though he had openly cabled President Roosevelt, "I have learned with stupefaction of your troops' aggression in North Africa," he had also telegraphed in code to Admiral Darlan, ordering him to aid us. A letter from General Juin, read in court, proved that the Marshal had indeed belatedly ordered the go-ahead in code but had also cancelled it the same way because he was "in relations with Hitler."

From the very first day of the trial, Pétain's haughty opening declaration that he would not deign to talk and that the special high court lacked legal authority to try him—he who had founded a no less special high court at Riom, where Daladier and Blum had had to talk and talk fast to save their lives—told against him. The last straw was the Marshal's strange insistence that he, too, had been among "the first of the resistants," for, he asked, had he not held France for de Gaulle to recover, and what recovery could the General have effected for a France in ruins wrought by lack of German collaboration? Among the many ruins of France today are the graves of the Gaullistes whom the old man of Vichy ordered hunted down as rebels. As Blum said on the witness stand at the trial, "I never knew Pétain. *Il y a en lui un mystère, le mystère du Maréchal.*" The sole great importance of the *procès Pétain*, supposedly one of the greatest trials in history, is that it tore into a half-dozen clear pieces, for those who were willing to look and learn, the legend of the *mystique autour du Maréchal*, that unrepentant old man of unrepublican France.



THIS has been a week crowded with history. The Marshal's trial brought at least to a legal end what had been for France five years of a kind of civil war, of French fighting against French. And, almost on the same day, the six-year World War of the Germans, whose victories in western Europe culminated in the fall of France, came to its axis end in Tokio. The war is over, but the peace has brought more relief than belief. The Germans are now a new kind of problem. The continuing war with Japan overlapped the European peace by a long enough period to give our Army an opportunity to make up its mind on Continental soil as to what it thought of its former allies and enemy. It is time to state that on the whole our Army here has decided that it likes the Germans best. The next paradox of the peace may well be that our Pacific army, once it has caught its breath, will decide that, between our allies the Chinese and our enemy the Japanese, it thinks the Chinks are lousy and the Nips are a wonderful little people after all. Certainly it appears to be the opinion of the majority of our European army, men and officers, that the krauts (in peace, anyway) or even the dagos are preferable to the frogs or even the limeys. It is our Army that fought for and achieved the peace with its blood and bravery and arms. Our Army has more right than any other body of citizens to its opinions on Europe. Its opinions have been gathering weight and vocalization ever since victory and our occupation. The new popularity of the Germans is a part of the universal peace that has just been declared, and, for better or worse, it must

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be accepted as such. After six years of German war and concentration camps, which have ruined Europe and weakened the whole world, *gnädige Frau Germania* is the most popular foreign personage with the American overseas fighting forces. —GENÊT

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the McAlester (Okla.) News-Capital*]

ROMANCE LEADS TO MARRIAGE OF COUPLE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

The announcement of the recent wedding of Mrs. Bertha Ann Scroggins and Mr. Grover F. Miller, perhaps will be read with zeal and interest by many friends and acquaintances of these newly weds.

As Mrs. Miller is a former Oklahoma girl, endowed with her share of southern beauty and hospitality, captivating and holding many friends throughout the State.

Mr. Miller is a native of Missouri, but as a professional acrobat, has been before the foot-lights in a number of the theaters, forming and keeping intact many pleasant memories of the various cities of Oklahoma.

It was in Stockton, California, during 1944, when the War production was accelerating at its most active and hectic peak, along about the time when the blast at the Ammunition depot of Port Chicago, rocked and rolled Stockton and vicinity, taking the lives of over 300 Navy and Merchant Marine men and doing millions of dollars of damages.

That the laughing brown eyes of Mrs. Scroggins, lingered, then finally become at full rest, gazing directly into the Carribean blue eyes of Mr. Miller, this enchanting moment seem to awaken ecstasy's telegraphy, which started murmuring and repeating, "True love is the greatest blessing on earth."

In harmony and conformity with this ideal Western romance the Nuptial vows were solemnized on a balcony veranda which faced the East.

In the gloaming of the evening, just as the big yellow moon with golden fire begin peeking over the crest of the spiky peaked mountain to the East.

Then ascending silently and soundless up into the Azure blue heavens, which now is studded with a million twinkling little stars thats scintillating brilliant rays of faith and love.

Over this little valley of sweet content, that lies encircled by these lofty mountains of a horse shoe formation, which stands silhouetted so exalted, displaying a most gorgeous and sublime skyline on this luminous and celestial night.

In this serene and tranquil setting Mrs. Scroggins attired in a delicate blue silk trousseau, made a very striking picture of one dark red rose in a bouquet of violets when she gently gave her hand to Mr. Miller as he caressingly placed the diamond wedding ring set on her finger.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Miller are located in San Bernardino, California. Which is in the very heart of the orange blossom empire, but contemplate a visit to Oklahoma in the near future.

Get your son's clothes in a *man's* store—Rogers Peet!
The *modern* Rogers Peet rates tops at many of the country's leading schools.

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$16.75 to $21.75
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$6.95 to $9.75

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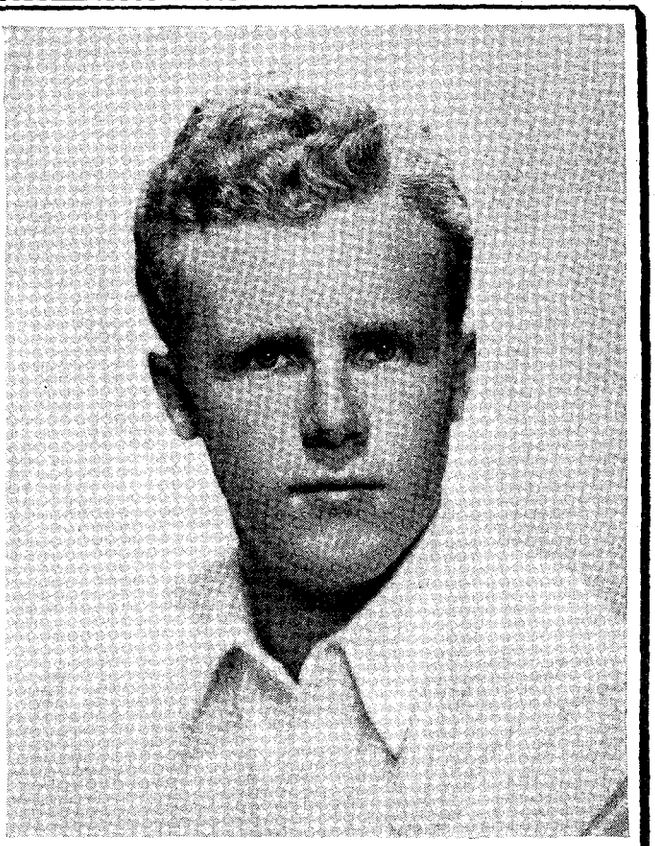

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BOOKS

The Progress of the American Language

H. L. MENCKEN has just published the first volume of a two-volume "Supplement to the American Language" (Knopf). The original work, first published in 1919 as a "preliminary inquiry" of three hundred and seventy-four pages, has since had three editions, each of them representing more or less thorough rehandlings of the subject. Each was larger than the one before, and since the appearance of the fourth edition, fresh materials have been coming in in such quantities as to make it impossible for the author to incorporate them in a new edition. He is bringing out, instead, two entirely new volumes, which follow, chapter by chapter, the arrangement of "The American Language," adding new illustrations and documents and bringing the record of American up to date.

The result is perhaps the most readable of all the various installments of this book. For anyone with an interest in words, the new volume is absolutely fascinating. Mencken has already set forth the rudiments of the subject in "The American Language" proper, in which he was sometimes rather cramped for space to give examples and speculations, and he is now free to report at length on a great many interesting matters and to print more comprehensive lists. A good deal of work has been done on American since 1919, when Mencken's first edition was a pioneering work, and the details of many developments, the answers to many questions, have come in since he first sketched and asked them. The book is particularly valuable in filling out the picture presented by the "Dictionary of American English," which has so little etymological discussion and historical explanation. Mencken is still the headquarters in this field, which is really that of the study of social manners and of literary style as reflected by the habits of language. Mencken, like Van Wyck Brooks, has been writing a part of our social history, and he has brought to it, as well as indefatigable diligence—to use a favorite word of his—his humor, his excellent writing, his special relish, at once acrid and genial, for the flavor of American life.

Among the phenomena investigated by Mencken are the typical American euphemisms produced, in a democratic society, to dignify the less dignified occupations, such as "realtor" and "mortician," "movie cathedral," "helminthological institute" (for the office of a specialist in treating worms), "public-relations counsel," and "sales engineer;" the tiresome runs on popular endings which have given us "chickenburger," "shoetrician," "motorcade," and "meatlegger;" the fashionable slang suffixes which have ultimately given rise to "kissaroo" and "home-breaker-upper;" the concoction of trade names like "Kodak" and "Nylon," which, it seems, have no real derivations but have simply been concocted for the sound; the special languages of *Variety*, *Time*, and the more inventive of the New York columnists; the differences in the uses of "Esquire" and "Honorable" in England and in the United States, and the extension of the title "Professor" to piano players and the biters-off of puppies' tails; the effects of the Hollywood censorship on the dialogue of the movies; the history of the common words used to designate Negroes and the various groups of the foreign-born; the official jargon of Washington, which, in the course of the New Deal, has popularized "bottleneck," "directive," "clearance," "to implement," and "to be severed," and the jargon of education, with its "mind-set" and "stimulus-response," "essentialism" and "integration," and its peculiar use of "creative," which has passed rapidly from "creative listening" to "creative janitorial service."

Since Mencken invites corrections and additions, I might suggest that the jargon of Marxism has been rather inadequately dealt with, compared to some of the other jargons, and that "Communoid," brought here from

"Oh dear, I don't want to read an important book in this hot weather."

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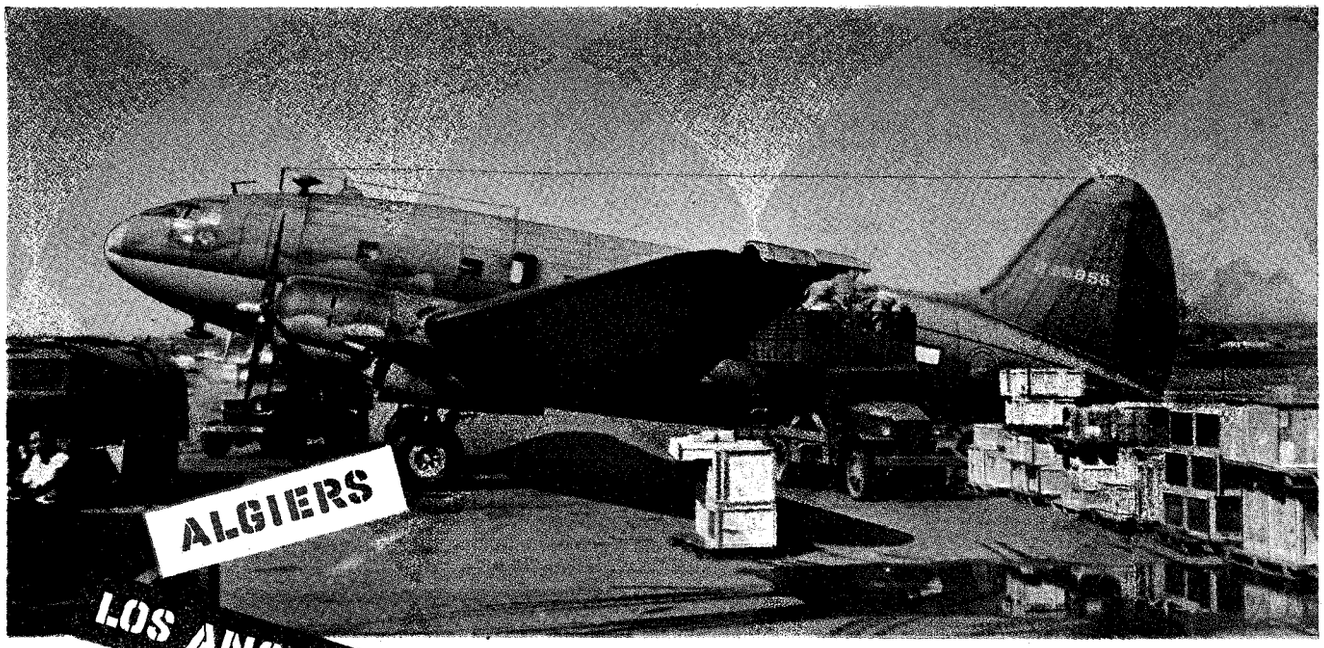

the tomorrow that came today!

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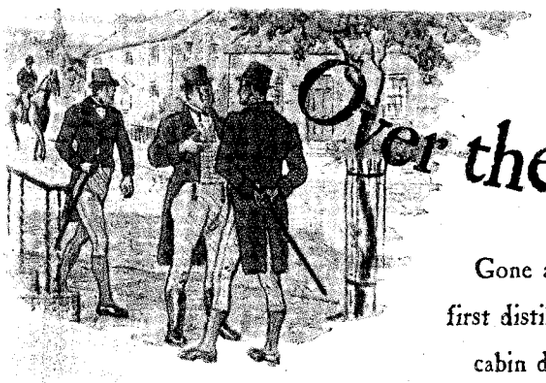

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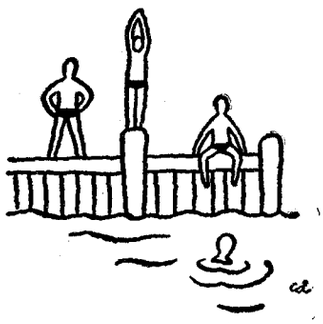
Moscow, supplies another example of an ending of which Mencken says there are relatively few instances. The old word "smitchin," meaning "a little," of which he says that it survives in the Appalachians, is also in general use in the form of "smitch," in such a phrase as "not a smitch." Madame D'Arblay was Fanny Burney, the author of "Evelina," so that it is wrong to refer, as Mencken does in a note, to a "translation" of her diary. In connection with the euphemisms for horse meat which have been in demand since 1943, I suggest that Mencken might investigate the dishes supposed to be prepared from the flesh of that rare animal the elk which are now being offered, at an astoundingly low price, in one of his favorite New York restaurants. Finally, in connection with the reciprocal influence of English and American slang, I believe that some attention should be given to the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mencken notes that it has been said of Wodehouse that he is the only recent English novelist who can correctly "speak American," but it is probably also true that he brought to the United States a good deal of the offhand patter that has been fashionable since the last war. Wodehouse lived in America in the twenties and wrote lyrics for our musical comedies and stories for our magazines, and he became perhaps the first great example of an Anglo-American fusion in the field of smart social slang.



Mencken promises for the second volume of his supplement an appendix on American prose style, a subject which he has not yet dealt with and which is just now of particular interest. Every American writer, more than ever today, has to struggle with a problem of language in choosing between colloquial American and traditional literary English. Henry James, in his own time so much under suspicion of infatuation for England, actually mixed Americanisms with Anglicisms—along with a sprinkling of colloquial French—to produce an international style. Relatively uneducated writers like Ring Lardner and Mark Twain have had so poor a literary vocabulary that they were likely to seem thin or bald when they attempted straight English prose, and they could express themselves adequately only by telling their story through the mouth of a character who spoke some form of the American vernacular. Dos Passos, in "U.S.A.," met the problem by using the third person for the life stories of several characters but telling each in the special idiom of his locality, occupation, and stratum, and interweaving them in such a way as to achieve, through correspondence and contrasts, a larger drama and symphonic effect. Writers like Fitzgerald and Faulkner, whose prose has a basis in lyric verse and who have needed the vocabulary of literature, have suffered sometimes in their powers of enchantment from setting the teeth on edge by their imprecise use of language. A writer like Elinor Wylie, whose mastery of literary English was accurate, complete, and brilliant, suffers, on the other hand, a little from the effect of artificiality and irrelevance that we are likely to feel in America in the presence of any collection of precious objets d'art from abroad. Mencken himself, in his early writings, invented a bold combination of literate traditional English with alive-and-kicking native slang and the robustious tone of German polemics. The first edition of "The American Language" was written, however, in a more sober style. I remember a British reviewer's pointing out that, in arguing for American, Mr. Mencken confined himself mainly to orthodox British English. This reproach can no longer be made. In this supplement Mencken has succeeded in adjusting the American idiom to the processes of philological exposition.

The truth is that since 1919, when Mencken merely ventured to suggest that the vernacular might someday be accepted as a medium for serious writing, the American form of English has been rapidly coming into its empire—absorbing, for the purposes of literature, more and more of the idiom of daily life, redeeming it from its comic and plebeian connotations, blending it with the language of books, and pouring it into well-rounded molds for work that may prove enduring.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Home Fires Burning, by Robert Henriques (Viking). The war in Europe is over and a young English girl is returning home, after four

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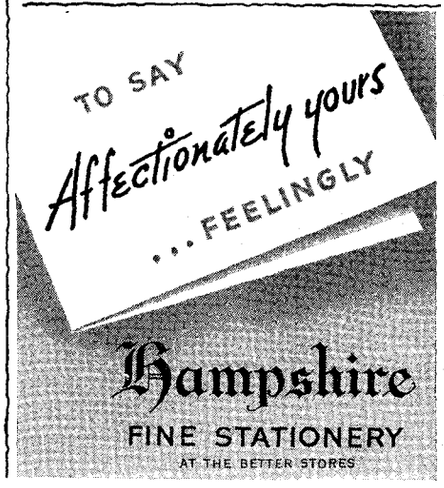

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years as a nurse on remote fighting fronts, to marry a wounded officer for whom she has had an obsessive love since childhood. Setting out from London on the last lap of her journey, and deeply disturbed by rumors of changes that have taken place in her lover's ideology, she becomes involved with a group of soldiers, also returning from the war. The incidents of the novel, expertly constructed as they are, are not really very important except as a framework for Mr. Henriques's brilliant writing, which often cascades into near-poetry, and his emotional (but never sentimental) consideration of the human spirit when confronted with the necessity for choosing between two fundamentally different manners of behavior. Not a wholly successful novel, but an exceedingly interesting one that has, for all the author's concern with effect, a warm reality.

THREE MEN IN NEW SUITS, by J. B. Priestley (Harper). In this novel, too, the author is preoccupied with returning British soldiers. This one is about the intellectual son of a county family, a serious young farmer, and a truculent factory worker, who come home to find things in rather a mess and the civil population not caring a hoot about making a brave new world. Mr. Priestley runs on, in his agreeable, pseudo-thoughtful style, about the problems confronting these disoriented men, giving very readable and often amusing vignettes of their unsatisfactory home lives but all the time working up to an inevitably noble and sunny conclusion in which there is enough sweetness and inspiration to sour almost any reader.

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT, by Madeleine Kent (Harper). Through the eyes of a nice girl from a remote part of Cornwall, who marries into the frayed outer edges of Bloomsbury society, we see some English intellectuals, in the days between Munich and the invasion of Poland, in a particularly unpleasant aspect. The story of the girl's unhappy marriage and of the influence upon her life of a noble and humane German, whom she encounters only once, is told against a background of a soft world which seemed at that moment to have come to a dead end. An interesting story, done with feeling and purpose.

THE UNCERTAIN JOURNEY, by Oscar Lewis (Knopf). The intelligent,

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competently written, unemphatic tale of a very young man's infatuation with a girl who, without meaning to, manages on three occasions to shatter his emotional life as well as his material prospects. Mr. Lewis makes you see and believe in his young people, but, having seen and believed in them, you are not likely to find any special interest in this book.

INTERVAL IN CAROLINA, by William Abrahams (Simon & Schuster). The unintentionally naïve story of a brief, idyllic love affair between an Army sergeant, just out of Harvard and stationed at a Carolina camp, and a sweet Southern girl. The reader will have to be fairly grim not to take some pleasure in the author's surprised discovery that there is good to be found so far from the *avant-garde* circles of Cambridge, but his well-wishers will regret that somebody (his publishers, for instance) didn't advise him just to scribble the episode in a notebook and let it go at that. It will be pleasant to hear again from Mr. Abrahams once he has settled down.

BIRTH OF MISCHIEF, by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin). If this bombastic muddle of famous names and historic occasions is a fair sample of the old Sabatini magic, then it is hard to understand what the adventure-story addicts of a generation ago got so excited about. It is a rehash of events dealing with the rise of the Prussian state from the days of Frederick William I through the early years of his son's reign, with the romance of a visiting English Jacobite thrown in. Mr. Sabatini makes the most of an almost unlimited opportunity for historical parallels, but that is about all you will get from this high-flown story.

GENERAL

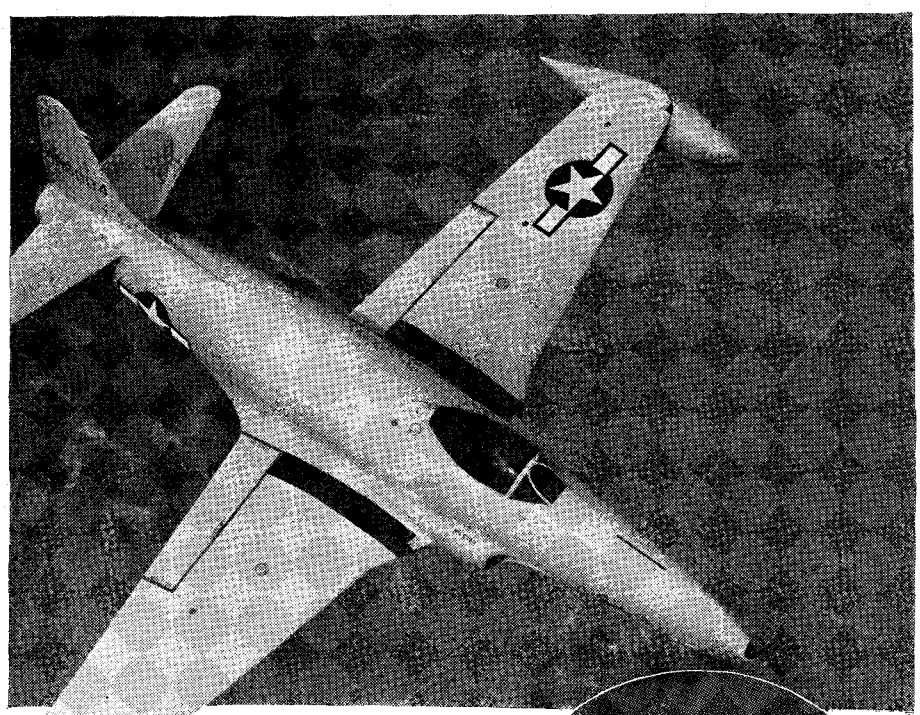
THE FREE STATE, by D. W. Brogan (Knopf). A short lecture, more readable than profound, on the structure, character, and general operation of the democratic state. Mr. Brogan, in a brief introductory note, says that his tract is directed to "intelligent Germans," which perhaps accounts for its rather elementary tone, but since most people have never progressed beyond the kindergarten stage of political understanding, his book may be read with profit by intelligent non-Germans as well.

WITH NO REGRETS, by Krishna Nehru (John Day). The autobiog-

Lockheed

JET PROPELLED

"Shooting Star"



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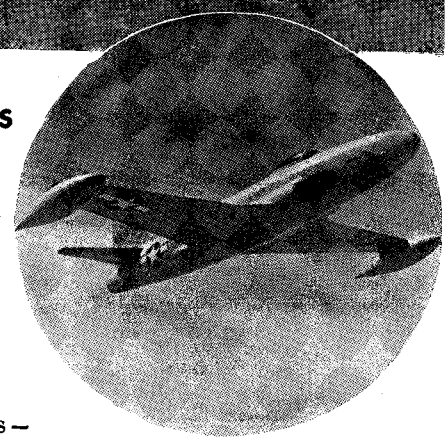

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raphy of the sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. The author, like her brother, writes with an easy grace, and she has made what she has to say about herself, her family, her upbringing, and her political opinions into a constantly interesting personal narrative that is certainly as important a book as has been published about India this year.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS, by Charles A. Beard (Knopf). Another short lecture, as readable as Mr. Brogan's and considerably more profound, on the relationship between economics and politics. This lecture, published in 1922, when it created more than an ordinary amount of stir, has now been expanded to include a chapter on what the author calls "Our Revolutionary Age." Mr. Beard comes to no startling conclusions and occasionally seems to be a rather primitive Marxist in his reiterated emphasis upon the economic determination of history, but almost everything he says in this vigorous and invigorating book makes extreme good sense.

AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD, by Nathaniel Peffer (Viking). This judicious and levelheaded study of our international relations ranks with Sumner Welles's "The Time for Decision." Mr. Peffer, who writes like a man talking and not like an orator shouting, quietly points out that we have three alternatives in the world of the future. We can become an international lone wolf, building up our national might and launching upon a program of imperial expansion; we can make a power alliance with a nation or group of nations that have similar ambitions; or we can be a member of the family of nations and, as a member of that family, work toward international law, justice, and security. An ideal gift for anybody's congressman.

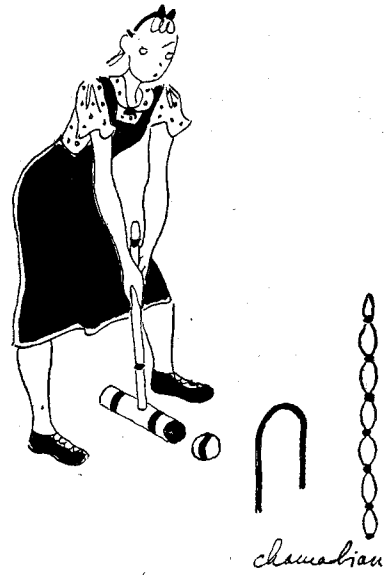
THE PRICE OF PEACE, by Sir William Beveridge (Norton). An inquiry into the requisites for lasting peace, by the author of "Full Employment in a Free Society" and the famous report on social security. Peace, like all other things worth having, Sir William indicates, can be had only at a price, and lasting peace is worth a much higher price than ever it was before, because the alternative of war is so much more dreadful. The price of peace, as he sees it, is simply the price that must be paid, primarily in sovereignty, for a world federation unified by world law. Sir William thinks it is a price that the nations of the world are willing to pay, and his reasons seem wise, realistic, and convincing. This small book—it's just a hundred and sixty pages—contains some of the sanest thinking on the international situation that anybody has done since the outbreak of the recent World War.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SINISTER ERRAND, by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead). Another assignment for Michael Kells, one of that busy little group of counterespionage agents who have saved Britain's neck in several other volumes in this series. This time Kells is after some Nazi agents, mostly ladies of notable charm, who are trying to find out exactly where to aim buzz bombs. Nobody eats or sleeps in the course of this tale, and you probably won't, either, once you've got into the spirit of things.

THE KING IS DEAD ON QUEEN STREET, by Francis Bonnamy (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). When Colonel Joe Long, of the Marines, a former movie photographer, breaks his neck on the stairs of his house in Alexandria, Virginia, his wife and friends react in a way that seems odd to Bonnamy, the narrator of the story. Bonnamy, as readers probably remember, is the assistant, or stooge, for Peter Shane, the omniscient detective of "A Rope of Sand," and the two of them quite rightly deduce that there is something unusual about Long's death. Nice background, nice plotting, and worth practically anybody's while.

OUT OF CONTROL, by Baynard Kendrick (Morrow). Mrs. Dennis Fillmore, a handsome young woman who bowls over all the gentlemen in the vicinity of her country home in Tennessee, runs into some unpleasantness when a former friend with blackmailing tendencies is killed in an automobile wreck at the Fillmore fishing lodge. The resulting excitement is looked into by Captain Duncan Maclain, the blind detective, who can dig up more clues than the average operative with 20-20 vision. Interesting detection, more smoothly presented than in "Death Knell," which preceded "Out of Control" in this series.



DEATH IN THE MIND, by Richard Lockridge and G. H. Estabrooks (Dutton). A thriller involving a new and fancy trick in Nazi espionage, about which we'd better keep quiet for fear of spoiling things for the reader. Anyhow, in 1942 there is a wave of treachery among British and American higher-ups in this country, a deplorable state of things which Johnny Evans, a British agent, is sent over here to remedy. Evans does fine, even though his young lady, who is in his line of business, seems to be incriminated. Exciting and well written, and if you feel like quibbling about the basic trick, just remember that Mr. Estabrooks is an authority in his field.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

He was very, very old, the farmer with whom I fell to talking, but his eyes still sparkled with an inward happiness. Finally I said, "I wish you'd tell me how you've kept the twinkle in your eyes."

At once he replied, "I make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes."—*Anecdote in Reader's Digest, June, 1945.*

THE PHILOSOPHER

I saw him sitting in his door,
Trembling as old men do;
His house was old, his barn was old,
And yet his eyes seemed new.

His eyes had seen three times my years—
And kept a twinkle still,
Though they had looked at birth and death
And three graves on a hill.

"I will sit down with you," I said,
"And you will make me wise;
"Tell me how you have kept the joy
"Still burning in your eyes."

Then like an old-time orator
Impressively he rose.
"I make the most of all that comes
"And the least of all that goes."

The jingling rhythm of his words
Echoed as old songs do;
Yet this had kept his eyes alight
Till he was ninety-two.
—*Sara Teasdale, about twenty years ago.*

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